Reminiscences of a long and happy life

by

Francis B. Bannan

POTTSVILLE
1911
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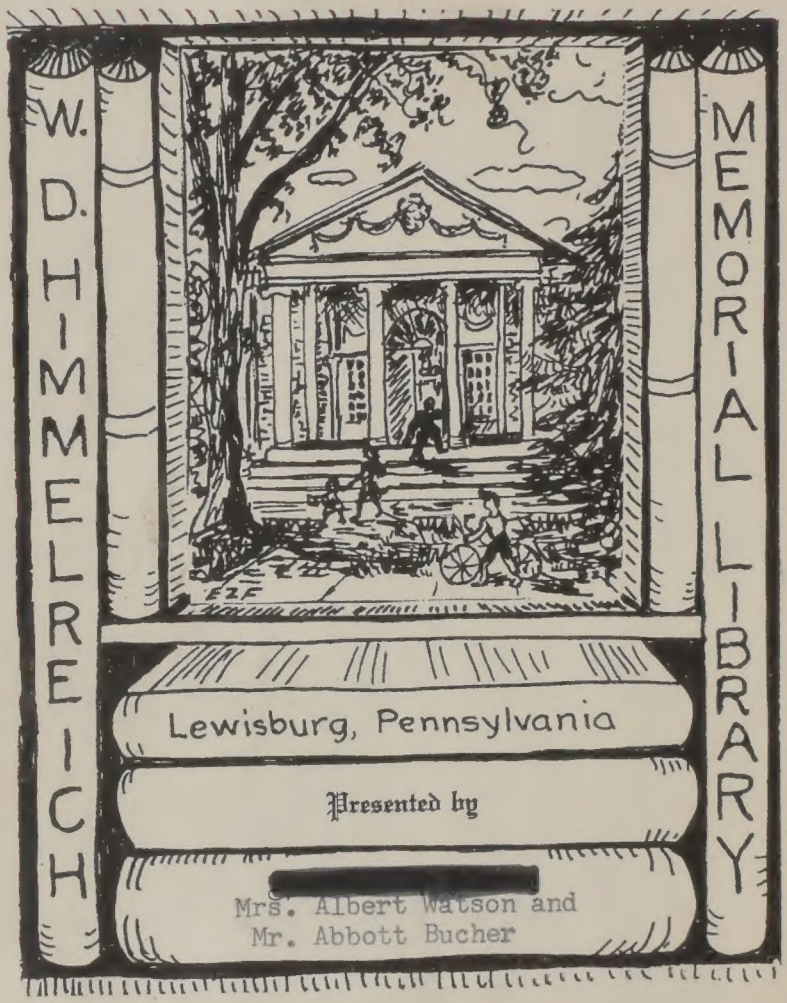
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Reminiscences

—Of—

A Long and Happy Life

Fun, Frolic and Mischief

—By—

Francis B. Bannan

—Of—

Pottsville

Schuylkill County Pennsylvania

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TO My Old Friend and Companion of many years, Mr. JOHN R. HOFFMAN, who enjoys a goak as well as I do, this Booklet is dedicated—

BY THE AUTHOR.

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Compiled and Read

Before

THE SCHUYLKILL COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

September 28, 1910

FRANCIS B. BANNAN

Reminiscences

——Of——

A Long and Happy Life

Mr. Chairman.

Ladies and Gentlemen.

Members of the Historical Society.

Having been frequently importuned, begged and pleaded with, by different members of this **noble organization,** to write and read an article of some kind before you, I have concluded to render something, which though not strictly educational and instructive, like the stereotype productions, of some of our most intelligent members, and have deviated, somewhat, therefrom; and what I propose reading this evening, may bring back past recollections to a few of you and perhaps amuse some others. If you hear anything laughable, you will know whence it comes, and I will endeavor to uphold my life long reputation for "Fun, Frolic and Mischief."

Quoting here a passage which was given to me in my youth, but I have never been able to learn the author's name, "There's little of the melancholy in you; you are never sad save when you sleep and not even sad then; for I, have often heard that you dream of mischief, and wake yourself with laughter.

My subject then this evening is:

Reminiscenes of a long and happy life by myself. Born in Orwigsburg, Schuylkill County, State of Pennsylvania. There were others, but only one "Franky," as my father used to call me.

Consequently, having been born there and lived there for upwards of twenty years, I should most certainly be familiar with some of the many funny transactions of the lovely, little quiet village. Born in Orwigsburg? Yes indeed, and I'm proud of it; for it is the grandest old town in the United States for raising **smart boys** and good men. Eh! At least it was then, but I know nothing about it now. I was born in the month of February, and had I not been born then, I would not now be worth a quid. Think of Washington, Lincoln, McKinley and many other great men, having been born in that short month; in fact too short to bring into the world, all the good people who inhabit it. Hence ! ! !

There was nothing particularly bad in the goody, goody town, only fun, frolic and mischief. The whole town was a social club, no euchre clubs, no whist clubs and no bridge associations to prevent the ladies from coming home to supper, and not eating after they got there.

"I have no appetite, I had a little tea, cake, chicken salad and ice cream. Just you sit down and eat without me."

Nobody barred from society on account of standing, not even I, mischief as I was, but all, all combined to make it pleasant and agreeable for visitors, of which, in those days, there was quite a number of persons who sojourned there during the summer season, from Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Reading, Camden and other places. There were no burglaries or robberies committed of any consequence and all of the criminals confined in our "county boarding house," (jail,) were from other parts of the County, principally from Pottsville, and that is why the **"Temple of In-Justice,"** was erected in Pottsville in after years, so as to be more convenient for the culprits.

The doors and shutters were seldom closed in the night, and if closed, not locked, chairs and settees were left standing out side until morning and then, "bring those chairs in, it might rain." One one occasion, Dr. Baum's (some of you knew him) chairs were left out over night and in the morning they were found hanging on the willow tree in front of his office. Who did it? Aye! Aye! There's the rub, 'I did it with my little hatchet."

Happy? Eh! Was there ever a happier boy in existance than I had the **innocent pleasure** of being? Happy day and night, funny, frolicsome and mischievious all the while and never so delighted as when I could concoct some sport or play some funny prank upon my youth associates, and as well on the older people of town. Yes, Franky was always in it. My father frequently said: "Mother did you ever see such a boy?" What can be done with him? "Why, let him alone and he'll come out all right." Well maybe he did. How about it?

I do not wish to be considered an egotist or a braggart, but I will try to relate some of the many facts and coincidences as they occurred from my youth up to the present day of my "long and happy life," and you can tell by the twinkle of my eye that I am still very happy, do not worry, but let the other fellow walk the floor and "I will always give thanks unto the Lord and his praises shall ever be in my mouth," for having bestowed upon me a bright and cheerful disposition, and brought me in good health where I am today. Good health? None better. Why really I never took three quarts of medicine (at once) in my life. Always fond of plenty of out door work and exercise, and very careful **to eat of everything that was placed** before me to eat at meal times. I was never asked by my parents "will you have some of this or of that,?" but it was "Frank, pass your plate." It was passed around the table and returned laden with some from each dish. "Now my boy eat and clear your plate or else," I knew what that meant, and it got cleared and happy to say, it does yet.

Now then to reminiscenses of Fun, Frolic and Mischief:

My first recollection of a bit of mischief was when I went to school, at six or seven years of age, to "Mammy Lewis," for whom the scholars used to bring whips, for their gratification. I brought her a bunch of birch sprouts, which I had obtained in Kellar's woods. I smeared the butt ends with tar and handed them to her. Well! I got the gratification that time and I felt as if I had caught a **tar-tar.** "I got even with her," so to speak, for the next day I filled her ink stand with oil, and who did it? No one knew. She wanted to write aber nixy, and their was no more ink in her bottle. One winter day **some one** put red pepper on the stove. Who was it? Can you guess? The school was besneezed, the children dismissed, and the dear old dame sent for Dr. Medlar, who prescribed castor oil, in his great knowledge of metaphysics. The old lady took it and was relieved. **"Oil is well that ends well."**

Having had a holiday, we were all delighted to return to school the next day, in good humor and ready for another delightful session. Our pranks went on adinfinitum until our dear old school marm ascended into Heaven and was succeeded by her daughter, Maria Lewis, who used a shingle paddle which was far more persuasive than the switches.

It were useless for me to attempt to repeat all of the little pranks and tricks that were played in that school, nor would it interest you to hear them, for you can imagine the originator of most of them and you would not believe him if he told you.

As time went on apace and my age grew from boyhood into youth, I was advanced to a higher school, "The Orwigsburg Academy," and where, oh! my! what a glorious time was in store for me. Happy? Why I was happy from the day I became a scholar, knowing I could get much **larnin,** until the time I went away to boarding school in New Haven, Connecticut, for our first teacher was an Irishman whose name was Patrick Henry Phillips Robert Burns, "Paddy Burns," the boys called him. You may believe it **there** was an institution for fun, frolic and mischief and we (I) excelled in that and we all took advantage of the opportunity. Paddy used to allow us a monthly holiday, provided all pranks, tricks and deviltry, etc., were acknowledged to him, by the perpetrators in person and not told on by other boys, for he would not allow one boy to tell on another. "Who did so and so? Up goes a hand, "I did master." "Will yese have it mended or appologise?" as the case may have been.

"Yes sir." "Then yese shall have a holiday as soon as it is done." The holiday came, one one occasion, the mischief, breaking a window pane, was not reported and Paddy declined giving us our day out, but Franky was equal to the job. He caught a black snake in an adjoining lot and took it into school, telling the boys he would play with it on his desk and Paddy, as he was won't to do, would come around and thinking it was a strap, would pick it up and would slather him with it. He would throw it down, and, we frightened half to death must jump up and run out of school, and make for Kellar's woods. This happened as we expected. When he raised the snake it hissed and entwined itself around his arms and the arrant Irish coward threw it on the floor and made for his high stool. All of the boys full of fright, escaped through the door. One boy who was late coming to school saw poor Paddy Burns high and dry on his stool, and asked "what was the matter?" Paralyzed into a mummy, he said: "that brath of a Bannan brought in a black **schnake** and frightened all of the **b'ys** half out of their wits and all ran pell mell out." The boy hunted the schnake and found it near the master's desk and killed it. What a glorious time we had in the woods.

The next out-door privilege came around rather slowly, "too long between drinks," and it happened that a

a few days before, some boy upset an inkstand and spilled the ink all over another boy's Primary Speller and blotted out three or four pages of his book, and not having money enough wherewith to procure a new book, (we had to buy our own books in those days) his action was not reported to headquarters and, Paddy announced "Yese can't have yese fun and frolic tomorrow, because that brath of a **boi** did not acknowledge his act and dade." Mischief" came boldly and Frankly to the rescue. After school the boys came to me saying: Frank you are the Head Devil. What can we do to get our day out?" "Follow me and do as I say. Get all the empty vessels you can find and come along with me." They soon appeared with coal scuttles, spittoons, scrub buckets and basins, and even the water drinking bucket and tin dipper were brought into the grand three act play. We went to a near mortar box where a house was being plastered, filled all the utensils with soft mortar and made for Paddy's retreat from which we had just emerged. The belfry was open from the first floor in the hallway, clear up to the bell, and from the second floor, by the girls school room, we were obliged to ascend three or four ladders to get to the bell—that dear old tin-tin-nabulater.

We carried the stuff up the ladders and turned the bell upside down, it being suspended on a wheel, fastened it lightly so that the least pull on the rope would make it **"turn turtle."** We filled the bell with mortar and water, making the most delicious conglomeration, soft and easy flowing, like the sweet escense of mush and milk. The bell rope hung down into the hallway by the front

door which our generous Paddy would always give the first pull and then hand the rope to the nearest boy to finish ringing the daily call for assembling the well behaved? kids. When our beloved master appeared next morning, with a bright grey, white suit on, while all, all of the witch-craft were playing on the campus, apparently unmindful of his morning call, he seized the rope, gave it a hard pull, it being somewhat shorter than usual on account of another turn in the wheel—and **gee-whiz** how very **mortarfied** he was, to see what had happened. Behold a man in a light suit covered from head to foot with soft, slimy, mushy mortar like Teddy Roosevelt's big hippopotamus just emerging from an African mud pond. He came out of the school house swearing vengeance on the perpetrators. But who did it? "There again "was the rub," and as he went to his boarding house to rub it off we **rubbered** ourselves to Kellar's Woods, and talk about happiness. Wasn't that genuine happiness? Such as one generally finds in God's acre." 'Oh! Would I were a boy again." The next day on assembling the school, "a burned child dreads the fire," Paddy feared to ring the bell, lest there should be something else concealed therein, and asked one of the **boies** to ring it, which was graciously undertaken. School assembled and Patrick Henry Phillips Burns announced, "If ary boi would tell him who had a hand in the infernal job, he would grant him a holiday for the balance of the day. "Up went the instigator's hand, saying, I know master." Well thin who by St. Mark who had a hand in it?" Notwithstanding the fact that you instructed us never to tell on each other, why master you had both hands in it."

"Git out o' this ye bloody spalpeen or oill give yese such a drubbin as yese never had before in any school of larnin." With that I rushed for the door, or I should say, the instigator did, Paddy following and brandishing his long flat ruler, right and left, and as both reached the door at the same time, whack went the ruler on the place Paddy thought the good Lord had created for that purpose.

Now this just reminds me of another little episode, a real tale of woe. The "Mischief" was eating an apple

when another boy beckoned for the core, which went flying across the room to him. Our indefatigable master happened to see it, when Francis Bannan be after commin up here. "Yese have committed a **misdemaner** and I want yese to come to me tomorry mornin at tin o'clock and take yese drubbin like a man or oi'll give yese double in the after. Yese know oi niver schtrike a lad whin oi have my mad on, oi take plenty of time to think it over and git cool, so that oi won't be after hurtin the boi too much an that's why oi makes an hour." I knew what was going to happen **between his ruler and his knees,** as there was where we always got it. He layed us over his legs and whack, whack. I fortified myself in the evening before the attack was to be made, by making a board to fit. To fit what? Wait till I tell you. I made it convex and concave, and drove the board full of nails, going through to the other side and covered the ends with gun caps. The appointed hour arrives. "Francis Bannan come forward, it is now tin o'clock, and take yese promised drubbin loike a man or oi'll give yese double this aft." "Oh master please dont whip me now, it's all over and everything is quiet and serene and the deviltry forgotten and I promise you not to throw another apple across the room." "Oi promised to give it to yese an I must do so, oi niver break a promise." The boys had already been informed of the attack that was going to be made on the **right flank** and the sounding of approaching guns in the distance, I ascended the steps to his platform with fear, in my heart **only.** He placed me across his knees. At the first whack with the ruler, off went about a dozen of caps—crack, crack, crack, and with great fear and terror the second attack discharged a few dozen more. The enemy however was not repulsed and as the third came heavily down upon the seat of war, there was a quiver, a resounding like a volley being fired at the first battle of Bull Run, smoke arising from the **seat of attack,** from the scorched wool. There was a lull; imagine Paddy's face. He was really very much frightened and smelt blood, and all the boys yelling to beat the guns, he said: "be after taking yese seat, yer **incourrageable."** But the chapter did not end there, there was another verse, though not much worse. Paddy

Burns left the school room at recess, but returned in time to re-assemble the kids; the terrible kids, the abominable kids. But when the victor got home to his dinner, "Och du lieber auguscht." There was another rub. Oh my, the stern parent. "Frank let me see that board." "What board Papa?" Never mind, now, he, he, ha, ha, ha, get me that board you had concealed in school." I suspected I had been informed on and produced the board. He examined it from concave to convex. It still had some unexploded caps on the ends of the nails. "Mother just look at that, did you ever know such a boy?" They both tried to keep from laughing and fairly shook the house. The sisters and brothers were greatly amused at the ingenuity of their youngest brother. "Frank stand up here, stoop over, **and holey, holey, holey,** were my trousers from the burns. "Now you'll wear these trousers as they are." And when he found I didn't mind much, rather prefered them as they created good circulation, Pop took them to a saddler, Barney Yeager, and had a leather patch put on the entire **seat of war.** In the course of a few days I removed the patch, cut it into the shape of a heart and replaced it. "Boys, boys look at Bannan with his heart exposed." Even Paddy Burns was quietly reminded that he was too **captious** about my throwing an apple across the room and concluded he was to blame for my heart ache. Oh, Paddy, Paddy why did you do so?

Mischief caught an old grey goose. The old grey goose was not dead on the campus and before his Lordship arrived we tied it on his chair and placed his spectacles on its bill. When the master came in and saw his stool so bewitchingly occupied, "Shur'en who done that agin?" Nobody of course.

A few days after that we captured an old white horse on the street, led him up the steps into the hall-way

and tied him to the bell rope, where he kept ringing the bell, a tap or two during the whole night, and spooking the academy to the fear and trembling of every person within hearing distance. The next morning when our regular visitor opened the door, there stood **death's pale horse"** begging for his breakfast. And who the divil done that agin?" Oil bet a **plug of tobaccy** it was that brath of a **boi,** Bannan," aber nixy.

We had a very short time longer with Mr. Burns, who was a good kind-hearted man, and a boy with the boys, but he had little or no education and entirely void of discipline and decidedly unfitted for a teacher and where he came from, and how he ever became our instructor we could never learn, and what became of him no one could tell, unless he went somewhere as a **tacks-collector,** for he often admitted to us that he was not at all pleased with collecting our **tacks** from his chair. We always had the very best of school directors, all educated men, such as Mr. John Bannan, Attorney at Law, President of the School Board; Mr. Jacob Hammer, Secretary; Mr. Joseph Hammer, merchant; Charles Witman, Esq., Justice of the Peace; Mr. William B. Potts, Attorney; Col. John P. Hobart, Attorney and Christopher Loeser, Esq., Attorney, who always looked to the interest of the scholars.

But behold you they missed it terribly again by appointing a man by the name of George W. Hart, who had no heart beyond his name, extremely homely and unprepossessing.

He was so ugly that his face must have hurt him continually, and of course so terribly sensitive that he imagined every person was laughing at him and would trounce the poor innocent kids without reason or natural feeling more to show what he could do to command respect and obedience from the scholars than for the

natural care of the child. He invariably caught us by the back of the neck and by main force would thrust our heads between his knees and slather us length-ways over our backs and legs with a thick chestnut rod or what was worse an Irish hawthorn branch, full of thorns and knots, and actually thought he was teaching the young idea how to shoot.

On one occasion my co-desker, Charley Body, whom you all knew from "Dicken's Curiosity Shop," drew a funny picture on his slate which brought laughter from me. Hart without a heart, spied me, when "Francis Bannan come up here." Veni, vidi vici I went. I saw and I conquered, which you will see. "What are you laughing at"? I told him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He replied, "it is no such a thing, you were laughing at me." My neck was grasped in his bear-like clutches, and "down went McGinty" between his knees and down came the blows fast and heavy, like so many thunder bolts. I grabbed his leg at the **other calf** with my sharp teeth, which were strong and secure. It was not a case of tooth and nail but a strenuous case of rod and tooth. Down went the hawthorn, in went the teeth, with a vise-like grip, each one of us determined to make the other his victim. I could stand it. Hart could not, my **place-de-resistance** was accustomed to such treatment, his evidently not. Why, we didn't even dare to put tacks on his chair, the miserable, unnatural brute. My grip was gaining on his switch, my sharp teeth going through his trousers. I took a mouthful of **hog's flesh,** decidely raw, from the calf of his leg, and spat it out of my mouth with a piece of his trousers, upon the floor, being utterly disgusted with the taste of raw pork. The blood went trickling down into his oxford shoes; he quit his slashing and allowing me to rise, I picked up a solid glass inkstand and with all my might wafted it at his temple. He dropped like a shot Rhinoceros from Teddy's gun, receiving quite an **inkling** of what might happen him, if he persisted in his nefarious ways of punishing us innocent kids. The boys said "now see what you have done." "Well he may get over it," and I walked out of the school; went home to my room and examined my

flesh, which was literally covered with black and blue welts, called my father and showed him the welts as thick as a finger, with which my body was almost completely covered, related the circumstances. "Are you telling me the truth?" he asked. "Yes sir, there goes Charly Body and Al. Witman, both of whom can corroborate me." Call them over. He did so. They corroborated me in every particular. We were at once subpoeaned to appear at Mr. Potts' office that evening, at 8 o'clock, which we did. My father, being President of the board, had assembled the directors to investigate the case. They made a thorough investigation and by joint resolution, Hart, without a heart, was preemptorily dismissed as teacher of the Orwigsburg Academy, and a Mr. James A. Innese, was appointed in his stead. He served but six months and proved to be not only a splendid instructor but a gentleman at heart. He resigned to go into business, and his successor was appointed.

There were many chapters in that old school which would fill a large book, but time and space will not permit repeating. Were the old Academy still standing it "could a tale unfold which would harrow up your soul, freeze your young blood and make each particular hair stand on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine." "But alas, poor Yorick," it has long since been doomed and razed to the ground, the site being now occupied by the building of The Friendship Fire Co. I fully made up my mind, if I ever met that man Hart, without a heart, I would just casually remind him of what he had done to me without cause. Six years afterwards I met him at the corner of Tenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. He said hello, "Bannan." I didn't say hello, but he went low. I up with my fist and landed an under-cut on his chin and down went my Harty into the gutter striking his head on the curb, which happened to be in his road, and was stunned. A policeman approached me with, did you strike that man? "I most certainly did," and related the circumstances. "Didn't I do it gloriously?" He replied "it served him right, he had no business to beat a boy in that manner," and passed on. Hart, without a heart, arose and left the large crowd which had assembled with-

out uttering a sound. I am always happy when I can do a man a good turn. I turned him alright that time.

Let us drop the domicile of high honor and education and jump over the fence opposite the Academy and hie ourselves into my father's most delightful of gardens, the garden of nature, where we were won't to raise the finest fruit and vegetables in the town. Amongst other things, a magnificient strawberry patch with the luscious old fashioned pineapple strawberries which now are not to be had at any price. Our berries one Summer were fast disappearing, in fact faster than birds could destroy them or we could pick them. My father said: "Frank I will give you five dollars if you will find out the thief who steals our strawberries." (He was always offering me five dollars for this, that and the other thing, and in fact I nearly broke him up.) That night as we were blessed with the full of the moon, a glorious time to watch for night hawks, and the moon arose about nine o'clock I loaded my gun with a hand full of coarse salt and stationed myself in the garden behind the high raspberry bushes, in close proximity to the strawberry patch and waited patiently for the culprit. In the course of a few minutes there appeared a dark spot on top of the division fence. It was the article I was wishing to see. With a long-handle rake, he not only raked up many of the finest berries, but too some of the stalks. He finally descended and landed in the centre of the patch, where the largest and most luscious strawberries were growing in profusion, nicely screened under the leaves.

As he stooped with his **right angle** pointing directly toward me, I took advantage of the glorious opportunity, and oh my, made the **assault.** Bang went my gun and with a roar, worse than Teddy's African lion could possibly make, my object scaled the fence into his father's property, and I heard him tell his parents that another boy hit him with a board, that had some nails in it, (but he was otherwise **bored,)** as he was coming home, only in fun, however, as he didn't know the board had nails in it. My happiness at that time amounted to five dollars worth, and glory in my achievement. Two days afterwards my father and I were standing on our pavement, when the same **laddybup** passed on the opposite side of the street. "Pop, you owe me five dollars." "What for, Franky, my boy?" "You see that boy across the street?" "Yes, you mean Allenbach, do you?" "What's the matter with him, he's lame?" "Why he has a strawberry patch on his stoop." "What do you mean?" "A few nights ago I watched for him, or some other strawberry thief, in the vegetable garden, with my gun loaded with coarse salt and he is the one that bit and fell into the trap. He got over the fence from his father's house, after raking up many of the stalks, up to where he was sitting and then jumped into the patch, not knowing what the night might bring forth. He "stooped to conquer," but I did the conquering. I let drive and **assaulted** him." You little rascal, I have a notion to assault you; you had no business to do that." "Never mind Poppy, he'll get over it in time and will never be guilty of the same offence again as when you shoot a goat of dog with salt, he never comes back, as he has a running sore for a long time, so just hand over the five dollars." It was given to me, with my father's usual hearty laugh. I heard him afterwards telling mother about it and she said: "You are to blame and not Frank, as you offered him a reward of five dollars and induced him to commit the act." The other incorrigible youth was

lame for several months and in the meantime we got our strawberries and not he.

My next adroit act was not quite so mischevious, nor of immediate money making, but there was a great deal of fun resulting from it. As we pass from the nature spot down the street towards our residence, we come to our

chicken coop and barn yard, with a high fence surrounding it, a large hole for egress and ingress of the poultry; it also has a history.

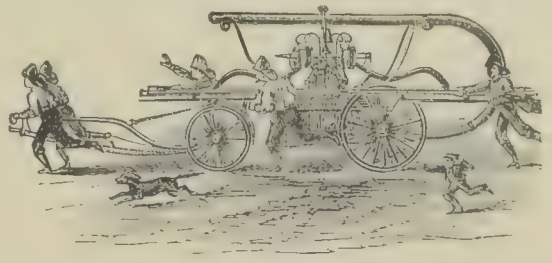
There was a fine strange lost dog rambling through the streets seeking his master and something to eat. He was the admiration of every person who saw him and many tried to catch him, but of no avail, as on the approach of any person, he with a snarl and a growl would take to his heels and in a few seconds would be **non est.** I was as eager as any one to possess that beautiful brown setter, and said to my mother one day: "Mother there is a spoiled ham in the cellar, may I have it?" "Yes, what do you want with it?" "I am going to catch that lost dog." "Well be very careful, lest he bite you." In the evening I arranged a slip loop at the hole in the fence and then with a rope dragged the ham along both sides of the main street, down one side and up the other through the chicken opening. We waited only a few minutes when we spied the dog taking the trail over the entire route. He went into the poultry yard and was successfully looped. We left him the ham and a bucket of water, and when his hunger was satiated he allowed me to show him I was his friend—and to put a collar on him and secure him in the barn where he received good attention. We kept Gunner for quite a number of years and he proved to be a splendid hunting dog, without exception; the finest game dog that ever was in that town and many a quail and pheasant I shot over him.

Now there was a bit of sport mingled with happiness.

That chicken coop has another interesting history; a good one on "Pop." A noted chicken thief by the name of Spotz came into the office with a nice batch of chicks. "Hello, Col. John, don't you want to buy some nice chickens?" "W h y, yes, Mr. Spotz, how many have you and what are you asking for them?" "I have twelve, and want a levy (12½ cents) a piece." "All right I'll take them." "Frank take this fine lot of poultry over to the coop and count them." There were twelve and Pop paid for them. "Spotz, can you bring me some more?" "I don't know how I can get any more." "I would like another dozen if you can get any more." "If I can get them I will bring you some more in a few days." My father, knowing his reputation, said: "Oh, steal them." In a day or two after he appeared with a dozen of fine chickens, saying: "Col. John I succeeded in getting another lot and can let you have them at the same price." "I'll take them; where did you come across them?" "I did as you said I should, I stole the whole lot." "There is a full dozen here and if you will let me have the money I will be obliged to you, as my wife is waiting for me at Hammer's store, she wants to buy something." Pop paid him and then "Franky carry these nice chickens over to the coop and put them in with the others." I did so, but they looked very familiar to me, and lo-and-be-hold you when I put them into the coop, somewhat earlier than customary, there were no other fowls in the place. They were the self same chickens he had sold Pop only a few days before. He had stolen them very early that morning, as the coop was not locked before any of our folks were up and doing. It was my province to care for the chickens,

but, all were gone except those I had in hand. I reported the take-in to Pop. He said, "is it possible?" "What do you think of that Franky?" "Well, I think you had the spots knocked off of you that time." The next day Pop met Spotz and said: "Spotz, you stole my chickens." "All right, I had the advice of a good lawyer and if I couldn't take his advice, whose could I take?" Every time I met Spotz after that I crowed like a rooster. He merely laughed, "only this and nothing more."

A few steps along the alley, below the chicken yard and on the opposite side, we come to the corner, where stands a small frame house, in the rear of



the Court House, the garage of the old Friendship Fire Engine, the first engine built in the State of Pennsylvania, by Patrick Lyons, of Philadelphia. Built in 1825 for the Liberty Hose Company, of Moyamensing. In 1828 it was sold to the Orwigsburg Friendship Fire Company; none of its original members living today, the last one to depart this life being Richard Schoener, of Shenandoah, who died at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, about one year ago (1909.)

The engine was a very heavy double-decker and owned by the Fire Company, a volunteer organization, no horses, no motor, no appropriation by the borough, no water works, the water being carried from pumps and wells, in firemen's buckets, to the machine, each member owning a bucket. The pump was worked by twenty-four men, twelve on the ground and twelve on deck, with a relief every half hour, more or less, according to the work required to extinguish a fire, of which there were very few. The apparatus was hauled to fires or in parades by the members of the company and citizens, generally

pulling ropes. The engine was of late years completely repaired and is kept by the succeeding members as an antique relic, they having a more modern apparatus and more affective. On one occasion an alarm was sounded by the ringing of the Court House bell, a small chimney having caught fire in the eastern end of the town. The fire company promptly responded, glad to have a day out, and so did every man, woman and child, a galladay, all leaving their respective homes, with doors wide open, without fear of being robbed. There were no thieves, besides Spotz in the grand old, well conducted town, those days and Spotz was only a chicken thief. This was the first and only fire in eight or ten years, and the citizens were so much excited as if the whole town were ablaze and doomed to destruction. After the very strenuous efforts of pumping to squelch the harmless fire in the chimney, the engine became too heavy to be returned to quarters and was allowed to stand on the street for a week, in the weather, without any protection. One evening some one—I guess the **instigator,** suggested: "Come on boys, let's go for some **fun** and **frolic."** We went to the old chemical apparatus and by dint of **moral swasion** we succeeded in dragging it alongside of Mr. Francis S. Hubley's field, where hay had been made and placed in heaps preparatory to housing it the next day. We carried the hay by hand and covered over the dear old Friendship with several tons, completely obstructing it from view. The next morning Mr. Hubley stood aghast, on beholding his hay piled up thusly out side of his field and could not comprehend why his hay-makers heaped it up out side of his field. The firemen, however, who happened to come along to take the tarnal thing back to the garage, relieved him considerably, by thrusting a fork into the unsuspected heap of hay and to their utter amazement developed the full fledged Friendship underneath. "Wehr der Deihencker hat dan sel gethue?" Yes, who did do it? It was never discovered during my existence in old Orwigsburg. The engine is housed, and we are back again in our street, where the boys preferred playing aside of the Court House, rather than in any other section, because we couldn't possibly disturb any person,

our house being the only residence, there, on either side, and our folks did'nt mind the boys, having three of their own, and the lawyers in the Court House made so much noise with their indefatigable blather that our antics couldn't drown them out, nor could we disturb them, At other places we were driven away by the "grannies." The County offices were in the rear of the Court House and Judge Rahn the grand-sire of our respected townsman Mr. Walter Rahn was prothonotary and his son "Dick" Rahn, used to play with us. The sire wanted him frequently to run errands, do some chores and coming to his office door he would call, "Richard." "Dick your father is calling you." Why don't you go,? "Richard." "Dick, don't you hear, your father is calling you again?" "Oh, he don't want me yet, wait a while." "Dick," G-d-d-n you. "Now is the time to go boys—goodbye." I was not included in that episode only as a playmate, and merely relate it as one of my many **relics** of my boyhood days.

There were several more acts on the program of that theatrical street. On one occasion, which is still vividly before my eyes. My friend and companion, Peter Fraidey and I (of course,) climbed the lightning rod of the Court House and got into the steeple, where we began to howl and yelp like two pent-up dogs. My father and Mr. Charles Frailey, Peter's uncle, were walking up and down our pavement when Pop heard us. He remarked to Mr. Frailey, "it's a blamed shame that janitor Bauman has shut up a couple of dogs in the Court House and they have gone up into the cupola to get out." "I must go over to Graeff's hotel and get the key to let them out." No, said Mr. Frailey, I'll go, I'm younger than you are. He got the key and entered the building ,and was obliged to ascend four or five ladders where no dogs could possibly go, to get into the steeple. We spied him coming up through the hole in the upper floor and with a whoop and a yell we out on the roof as quick as a flash, and down the

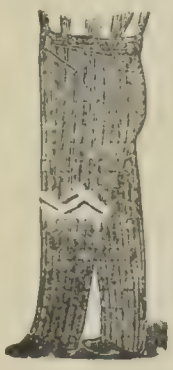
lightning rod, like two monkeys, when Mr. Frailey, provoked, at the sell, opened the shutter and shouted: "Bannan, it's one of your own blamed pups." "Yes, I saw him coming down but he was too quick for me," said father and don't forget your own nephew in your name."

On another occasion there was a black cat coming full tilt on our pavement, hotly pursued by a barking dog. I scooted her and she ran up our large willow tree and out on a limb which extended pretty well out over the street. The dog continued barking under the branch when **some one** threw a stone at pussy, when she jumped and landed on the dog's back, and clutched him with all fours. He yelled to beat the howling of the wolves in the zoo, and down into the main street, with poor puss on his back, clawing him for all she was worth. He ran two or three squares, his back was **bare,** pussy wasn't there and so poor **doggy** went home for repairs. The cat was **over the fence and out.**

And now as we wend our way up along the same street, a half square, we approach the German Lutheran Church, of which the Rev. George W. Scheidy, of whom Rev. Mr. Weller made mention in his article read before the society, in his history of the Red Church, Zion's German Reformed and Lutheran Church, was the rector, parson as we called him. Mr. Scheidy was a very eccentric old bachelor of peculiar proclivities, and boarded opposite the church, with three old **bachelor** girls, the Misses Hummel. His **divine** salary would

not permit him to wear more than one suit of clothes per annum and sometimes he looked as if he had slid up and down the rainbow, he was so very flowery in his language, and worn the knap clean off of his trousers, for he was paid principally in oats, hay and cabbages for his horse, by the farmers of his congregation, and store orders for his board which he would swap off to the Hummel girls.

He was fond of horse-back riding and one day on his return from a trip into the country in search of fodder. I undertook to assist him off of his horse "Franky" and **pulled a little too hard, accidentally,** of course, at his trousers which had caught on a buckle of his saddle, and tore the leg of his pants off, above his knee, showing his bare skin. He went into the house and asked, "Leah, please sew my trouser's leg on." I can't do dat anyhow,



on your **leck,** you must dake them off." "Do you want me to go to bed?" This is the only pair I have." "You need'nt to go in bet, just srow dem out your door an I will fetch em once an make em right." He did so and she sewed them with a heavy over and over seam, which he wore until a farmer presented him with an old pair of his, but it made no never mind, he wore them. One Sunday he came to me, "Frank, lend me your spring wagon, I want to take Leah and Kitty and you to McKeansburg to church, this morning." All right, Parson, bring your horse here and Ill hitch him for you." In a few minutes he was there with his Frank horse. He took a seat in the wagon while I was attaching the horse. I had just finished when he remarked, "There are two Frankies here, the only difference being, the one is a horse and t' other a jack-ass." With a nudge in the ribs and a "chick-chick," his horse started off at break-neck speed, the parson falling off of the seat backwards, with his heels sticking sky-wards and his **Riverence** yelling, whoa; whoa. Not heeding his call, the horse fairly flew like an aeroplane down to the next corner, Loeser's stable, where there was a crowd of men whom I knew would halt the horse in his mad career. They succeeded

in catching "Franky." Sat up the Parson and returned him to our stable. He said I wonder what made that horse run away? "Well, I guess he thought you meant him to be the jack-ass," was my reply.

We drove to McKeansburg, attended the church, where he preached a sermon—text: "Look not upon the wine when it is red within the cup." After church when I had gotten the team ready to depart, the ladies comfortably seated, we waited some minutes and wondering what kept His Riverence so long. I looked through the "gates a jar," and saw him down on his knees in front of the altar drinking the wine from the communing decanter which he had taken out of the altar. "Come on Parson, we are waiting for you." "Oh, I was just looking to see if there is any more wine here; we are going to have communion down at Drehersville, next Sabbath." "How are you going to get it down?" "Oh, I will take it down." "Yes, I see." There would have been wine enough for the occasion except there were too many **swallows** about. He was the poorest rider within a radius of a hundred miles, with his feet in the stirrups to his heels, his trousers up to his knees, and without under garments and his body swaying from one side to the other, worse than any old farmer. One Sunday he was riding to Summer Hill, announced to preach in "Zion's Church," and meeting a man on the road asked him, "can you tell me where Reber's tavern is?" "Yes I can but I wont, you are too d—m drunk now." "Oh, no, I'm not drunk, I am the Reverened Parson Scheidey, of Orwigsburg, and am going to preach in "Zion's Church." "I don't care a d—n who you are, you are too derned drunk to ride." He didn't tell him either. Had I been there I might have sent him some distance for the **fun** of it.

One Sunday evening there were three of **us laddy** bups in his church occupying the rear pew, not very attentive to the sermon as it was like a drought to us. Inattention meant noisy. During his discourse. his Riverence remarked, "if those three boys in the rear of the church, on the left hand side, back pew, don't behave thereselves, I'll have to point them out to the congregation." Before the assembly could look around the innocent Franky was

under the seat making for the door, on his hands and knees. The others took the blunt and Franky, as usual was **nonest.** When our noted Parson preached his farewell sermon in the same old Lutheran Church, he said: "My beloved hearers and brethern I am going to do for you what the Devil never did do and never will do, and that is leave you, goodbye all," and walked out of church, and many of the congregation said "Amen," I asked him one day what induced him to become a preacher? He said he studied law for a year and a half and then fell off of the roof of Girard College and that brought him to his senses.

As we proceed further up the street, on the same side of the way as the church, we come to an old stone building with iron bars across the windows and men in full happiness peering out between the bars, happy because they have shelter and get their board for nothing. "Hellow, what's that building? **"Sell is by Gutt de Bresent."** Why that's the county boarding house, where if you inadvertently upset a small boy who happens to be in your way, and fall down, you can get board and lodging free of charge and you can stay there as long as you behave yourself," otherwise "get." It is principally for loafers and visitors from other sections as we have none such in Orwigsburg who are worthy of such delightful quarters. It was built of a few stones and some mortar dumped in a pile from a cart as we now-a-day make concrete, but that wasn't concrete or anything similar. It was the County Jail and if a prisoner leaned his chair against the wall the stones would fall out into the street and carry the man with them. He would get up quickly, walk away for fear of getting a scolding from the sheriff, but he'd invariably return to supper after the intense excitement had settled down . Two robbers escaped through the transom because the jailor's wife refused to give them venison for dinner, which was in season then. Two murderers who were under sentence of death, escaped, lowered themselves into the cesspool and dug a tunnel out under the wall of the yard in the field back of the jail,

but were glad to be recaptured as they did not know where to get something to eat, but escaped for good some time afterwards, and were never heard of again. Whenever a prisoner would see fit to take a short walk from his habitation during the day some person would hurry to the school house, which was close by and ring the bell which was a well known and established signal for every person to turn out and help capture the culprit. On the above occasion two other boys and I arrived at the tunnel in time to roll a big stone in front of the hole on to the man who was just emerging and compelled him to go back as it was too large for him to move. In the meantime the sheriff arrived and at the point of a pistol threatened to shoot him if he attempted to escape. One big fat prisoner got stuck in the tunnel and several others were obliged to descend into the cesspool to get him out. When they got out they showed signs of having been there. The confines used to let their boots out of the side windows with a long string attached and the good natured boys would fill them with nuts, cakes, candies, fruits, cigars and tobacco and on one occasion that **"brath of a Bannan"** put a whole pack of fire crackers into one of the boots and lit the fuse. By the time the elevator reached the window, and they reached for the contents, the fireworks display commenced. Then we were really happy, but the confines desisted from letting us have any more boots on that day. Time, however, soon brought back our pleasant occupation.

During Mr. John T. Werner's administration as Sheriff, from 1846 to 1849, I think in 1847, when Jim Riggs a colored man who killed Gunter in self defense was under sentence of death, and one evening, early, as the sheriff was about to go up stairs and place the convicts in their respective cells, after having spent some time in airing and exercising in the prison yard, that Riggs who was on the stair case forced open the door as Mr. Werner unlocked it, upset the Sheriff and made for liberty, going down the steps, out of

the front door and with the speed of a wild deer, ran in the direction of Kellar's farm, beyond the Schuylkill County fair grounds and but for the alacrity of Franky, would have escaped. I was helping John Egge pick and gather apples in his orchard by the road side, when the negro followed by forty or fifty men, women and children, came along the road, the Academy bell having sounded the alarm, with the speed of an automobile, the followers yelling at the tops of their voices, "stop the nigger, stop the murderer, etc." I was sitting on the fence watching the crowd and just as Jim came up I jumped into the road and tripped him with my foot. He was recaptured and taken to **Fort Werner,** and in due course of time expiated his crime upon the gallows in the jail yard, which never should have been done, as it was fully proven that he killed Gunter in self-defense as "he got the first drop on him," but being a negro militated against him in the minds of the jury, and I was sorry ever after that I was the innocent cause of putting a sprag in poor Jim's wheel, but I was too young at the time to know much of the circumstances or to realize what I was doing, else really I would have have helped him to escape. Jim Riggs was the first man hung in Schuylkill County and should never have received the punishment from the fact that Gunter tried to shoot him at his front door, having frequently threatened him before, but Jim was too quick for him. He came into Pottsville and reported, "I shot Gunter, I shot him right in de mouf and he fell down and hadn't time to say booh." When he was convicted the Judge and all the lawyers shed tears over the affair, and Mr. Frank Hughes, who was the District Attorney, and convicted him, cried more than anyone else, but being District Attorney he only did his duty. It was a very pathetic scene. And when Riggs was convicted of murder in the first degree, he cried with the rest and remarked, very truly, "Oh de poor nigger wouldn't be hung ef it wasn't for de color," which was an undisputed fact. Mr. Frederick Hesser, the Court Crier yelled out loud—shut up you black nigger, why didn't you cry when you killed the man?

Daddy Hesser, as he was called, was a remarkable old man. and a splendid drummer. He used to play taps and roll at the same time and lived near the Academy. We used to go to his house at recess to hear him drum and he was mighty glad to play for us. After adjournment of Court for lunch, he would sit in the Court House window and reassemble the Court by playing his drum. He was very short and chunky and had a tall brother John who was a fifer. They served together in the Revolution and both were stationed at Valley Forge, during Washington's sojourn there. Mr. Frederick Hesser, was the noted Court Crier at the time I write about him and was the grandfather of our worthy member Mr. A. A. Hesser.

Alluding to the first execution for murder, in Schuylkill County, Riggs would not have been, except for the fact that the first convicted of murder and sentenced to be hung—Zimmerman by name, was killed in jail by a crazy man who was sweeping with a bristle, sweeping brush, when Zimmerman asked him to let him sweep, the day before his execution was to take place. The lunatic replied: "I'll sweep you, you derned murderer," and struck him on the head with the wooden part of the brush, killing him instantly. The gallows had already been erected on the hill above the White Church, as the hanging was to be public, from which fact the name of Gallows Hill originated, and not from the fact that Jim Riggs was buried there, as many supposed. Riggs' grave was spooked for a long time and people were afraid to pass it at night, and would go far around in order to avoid it. Zimmerman was convicted of murder in the first degree, for having split his daughter's head open with an axe on account of a trifling misunderstanding about his dinner.

Still another amusing affair took place at the old barracks. Two convicts tore up their bed clothing, made a rope of it, took a leg from under the stove and used it as a hook, which they flung over the yard wall, pulled themselves up and let themselves down; one of them landed

on terra firma out side all right, and escaped toward Kellar's woods, before the Academy bell could sound the alarm. The rope broke with the other man; he fell down and cried most unmercifully as the Sheriff appeared on the spot: "Oh my leg is broken; Oh, Oh, my, my leg is broken, help me." The Sheriff said let him lay, he's safe but hurry after the other scamp. I was one of the few of the crowd who remained to help the poor **divil** up, and after the others had gone for the run-a-way, he said to me, "help me back to jail, won't you please?" I did so, he could hardly get along; was fearfully lame until he got within a few yards of the front door, then suddenly turned and scooted like an antelope, in another direction. After several weeks they were both recaptured and returned to prison to serve their respective terms with a little addition of time, on account of their innocent fun, and they were both rejoiced that they didn't have to beg.

That jail was no security for any person, even outside of the walls and in close proximity to the Sheriff's family there were depredations committed almost in view of the family, of the institute, I can vouch for it now, but couldn't then. For instance, one day while passing the "house of fame," I noticed the family cooking applebutter in the side yard, and boy-like thought we might enjoy eating some of it. They had also been making soft soap in the morning and I saw them carrying a lot of crocks into the wood shed, but thought they were stowing the apple butter there to get cool. In the evening four of us ventured to capture some of it. I was the "bravest of the brave," and entered the shed. There were the crocks on a shelf in right dress array. I dipped my finger into the first crock and with a **slirrup** drew it through my mouth and "ach Gutt noch a mal," it happened to be the soap and "halzt moul," I told the boys I had found the apple butter and it was delicious; that the crocks were on the shelf inside the shed. They said to me, "now you watch on the out side." They went in quietly, but quickly, plunged their fingers into the crocks, same as I did, and in an instant came out with their faces and hands smeared with soft soap and their eyes smarting, all very much soap-fist-i-cated. "Frank you devil you, we have

a good notion to trounse you." The family heard us and away we went without apple butter. Now wasn't that fun? If you had ever been an Orwigsburg boy you would know.

Sheriff Ludwig shut me in the jail yard one day, because I had made an April fool of him, and went away leaving me with the other **shut ins,** but after a short while I climbed up through the hole in the iron door through which it was customary to feed the prisoners, no dining room nor tables nor chairs in the yard for fear the worthy sports might pile them up and scale the wall, but good hard ground to sit on and eat from their laps. I went into the Sheriff's office where he was seated, busy writing. "Hello Sheriff, is there anything else I can do for you?" "You scamp you, how did you get out?" He was very much surprised when I told him, and the next day he had another bar placed across the hole in the gate for fear of egress of some other culprit.

For the present we will cease talking about the **jail birds,** as time will not permit to dwell much longer on the subject. There were a great many other performances connected with the subject, but the building has long since been **razed** and replaced with the High School building, a good substantial brick building, and indeed a handsome structure—and no more **fun, frolic** and **mischief** about the old time honored temple where injustice was done. Unless Paddy Burns' spirit of the old Academy should be hob-goblin around. Goodbye old jail, goodbye.

We have a lot of powder, matches and long slow fuses in our pockets and are going further out the road towards Josh Kellar's farm, passing between Graeff's and Ege's apple orchards. "Passed," did I say? Who ever heard of a boy or a half dozen boys passing an apple orchard? Not much, that was an unheard of thing. We were in them both and I can assure you nearly every apple had a core, as there were plenty. When apples are scarce there is no core, as the whole thing is eaten, even the seeds and stem. Ege came along and the road to Kellar's farm was very short just then. We searched

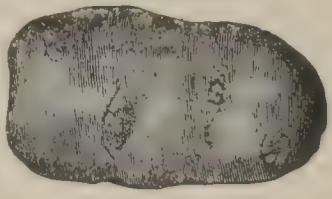
his water melon patch, forbidden fruit, on penalty of having our **angles** dilapidated by a fierce bull dog. Nothing daunted, however, we ventured and entered the forbidden, with our hearts in our mouths, for fear of being detected. We are safe, bore holes into a dozen of the largest melons, fill them with powder, attach the slow matches or fuses, set fire and run for the woods, yelling like wild Indians, in order to bring out the genieal proprietor "Josh," and his "I, me, my, my dog and I." They

came, we fled, and behind the woods we awaited **devil-ope-ments.** I can see "old Josh" going over the patch and every now and then a siz, a bang, and up in the air pieces of the luscious fruit flying around him and Kellar thinking only of an eruption of Mount Vesuvious or Etna. We heard quite a lot of adjectives made use of by him, before he left the patch, but he didn't try to catch us. "Es in net der werth." In the evening he reported his sad experience in Linder's shop, our regular loafing place, until eight o'clock, when the curfew rang. He said he "would pay well to find out who did it," but no, no person knew. **Aber nixy** memand hat es gewusst. He would like to know how to prevent boys from stealing his fruit. I said "give them all they want and don't watch them too much. You know fruit is no good to boys unless they can steal it." He tried it and never experienced any more trouble with us, but perhaps with the next set. Thus ends the fun, frolic and mischief at Mr. Kellar's farm.

Now come with me, diagonally north across the fields and over the worm fences and muddy ground of Mr. Kellar's, as he was not a farmer of

any note, to the most valuable, productive and best cared for farm in the County, that of my father, Mr. John Bannan, where the fences were all straight, posts and rails, the marshes all blind ditched, the creeks, of which there were two, straightened, the shade and fruit trees all nicely trimmed and white-washed, and the rubbish burned and ashes distributed over the farm as a fertilizer. It contained sixty acres, plenty large enough for one man to own, and care for as a money-maker, for we used as much fertilizer and manure on that, as most farmers used on a hundred acres.

It was there where we raised sugar beets by the ton, weighing from ten to fourteen pounds each. Mercer potatoes, one to one and a half pounds each, and cabbages weigh-as high as forty-two



pounds, some of which I exhibited at the Orwigsburg Fair, including **my own cabbage head, which was the lightest** of all, and was very highly complimented by the late Mr. Horace Greely, who lectured at the fair grounds on farming. I also received premums from the Agricultural Association on my exhibits.

We also exhibited corn with three ears on each stalk, something very extraordinary in those days; turnips as large as a boy's head, timothy hay, three and a half and four feet long; and many apples of the finest quality. There was not a section on the land as small as a straw hat on the farm, but what was covered with the best of fertilizer, every Fall, as an overcoat for Winter. The farm was an ideal provision of nature and I loved to frequent it and spent many a happy day there. The wheat we raised was something extraordinary.

My father and I, standing in front of the house, one day, saw a man, John Lebengood, riding a beautiful colt. "How are you, John? That's a splendid colt your are riding." "I'm well Colonel." "Where did you get that colt, I raised him." "Do you want to sell him, and what do you ask for him?" "Yes, one hundred dollars will buy him." Father brought forth his pocket book and found he was short twenty dollars. "I will give you eighty dollars for him, that's all the money I have here, not thinking for one moment he would accept it. "Darn it, take him and give me the money, I want to get married tomorrow." He father, paid the money and was told the colt was eighteen months old. "Frank get on that horse and take him out to the farm." It was there I went every day to learn to ride and train him. I trained him as no private horse was ever trained, outside of a circus horse.

I would go out to the farm early in the morning and take Jim with me; put him into the accustomed field and would say, "Jim take a roll and then a run, which he immediately did. He generally ran around the field, a nine acre field, twice and then come to me to get an apple or a few lumps of sugar, which I always used in training him. If I went there during the day and he was at the far end of the field, in the shade, I'd whistle for him, he'd neigh, turn around and come running full tilt and stop suddenly, turning around side ways against the fence so that I could mount him easily, then away he'd scamper without bridle or saddle, and run like a marathon in any direction. I would guide him by a slap on his neck, right or left and stop at once at whoa!" I finally trained him to hurdle the fences and he would take me over the neighboring farms and back in time to escape the scolding of the very unforgiving owners, for what were their farms worth in comparison with ours, except for exercising and training my "Jimmy." On one occasion he hurdled the fence with me on his back, but in going over he fell into a ditch three feet wide and three feet deep, landing me twelve or fifteen feet beyond, on **my** back, not even scared. Whether you know it or not, I never had any nerves, never got frightened at anything. He lay in the ditch for over a half hour, trying to arise. I went into the adjoining woods and cut a birch switch with which I tickled him until he dug out sufficient of the clay to turn over on his side and then with a grand effort succeeded in getting out, none the worse for the wear beyond being covered with soft, muddy clay. I procured a flat stick and he was delighted to have me scrape him until he was dry. I then remounted him with a spring and in order to get out of Mr. Graeff's farm I was obliged to jump him over four fences to get into the public road so as to return to his own quarters. At dinner time, he managed to get to the house and put his nose against my father's office window. Pop called me, "Frank here's 'Jim.' " I wonder how he got out of the field? "Put him into the stable," I guess some one must have opened the gate," I said. Pop never knew how Jim was taught to jump fences, **or else ! ! !** He was also trained to bump his tail against the apple trees in order to get the

fruit when too high for him to reach it. It would drop, as boys bounce chestnut trees with a stone, he'd pick it up and eat until he was satisfied.

Pop, on a trip to Niagara Falls, purchased an Indian suit for me. I used to take the boys to the farm and show them some of my antics. On one occasion I had an audience of eight or ten boys witnessing my Indian acts. I told them I would ride to the far end of the town, through the back alleys and they should go into town and announce, in an excited style, that they had seen a wild Indian out near Kellar's woods, and that I would soon appear on the bronco, and we'd have some fun and frolic. On my appearance on the main street shooting an arrow here and there into the different store boxes which stood on the pavement, the women and children began to yell: "Ach Gott die Inching komme, die Inching komme. As I rode bare back, that is the horse was without bridle or saddle, guiding my horse as above stated, I met Pop with "Jim's" mate hitched to the buggy bringing him home from Pottsville, and as quick as thought, whirled around, grabbed his horse by the bridle and with a whoop and a yell hit him over the back with my bow and started both horses on a full run and turned up the other street to our house. "Whoa Jim; whoa Bill," and stopped so suddenly that my sire almost fell over the dasher. " Frank is that you, you little divil you. I didn't know you and if I had thought you would play me such a trick, I wouldn't have

bought you that Indian suit." "Oh, it's all right Poppy." How was that for fun, frolic and mischief? Eh?

Father bought a mate to that lovely Jim horse and very few persons could tell them apart, they were so well matched. We brought them to Pottsville on moving here, and they both lived to be thirty-six years old. One was found dead in his stall and the other died of grief, one year afterwards. Do you remember a fine pair of bay bobs going along the street with a covered sleigh lined with red flannel? The way Pop bought the mate, while still in Orwigsburg, is quite a coincidence. I came with him to his office in Pottsville. Pop had gone into his office when a gentleman approached me while i was tying Jim, with ,"here you where did you get that horse;? that's my horse." "I beg your pardon sir, it is not, he belongs to my father and he raised him." Wait a minute. "Pop, please come out for a few minutes, here's a gentleman wants to talk with you." "How do you do, Sir?" "I have just been talking to this young man about this horse; he's my horse and I want to know where you got him?" Pop said I raised him and can fully convince you he is not yours." "Has your horse two perfect ears?" "Yes sir, he has." "Examine this horse and see for yourself." He did so and found Jim's right ear was about one-half inch shorter than the other, it having been bitten off by another horse before Father bought him. "Oh, I see, I am mistaken." "Now Mr. Bannan, that's your name, I believe, I have a perfect mate to your horse and will either sell or buy." "My name is John Jacobs, from Lancaster. I will send you my horse on next Tuesday here to Pottsville. Take him and try him, and if he does not match your horse in every particular, color, height, markings, white star on forehead, white hind fetlock and bob tail, driving, etc., send him back, but, he has two perfect ears. If he suits you, two hundred and fifty dollars will buy him or I'll give you the same amount for your horse." On the following Tuesday I went to Pottsville with Father and after I had put Jim into the stable I came up to the office, the stable being in the rear. I saw a colored man coming along on horse back, and halted him. "Here Sam, where did you get that horse?" "That's

our horse." "No sah, dis is not your hos. I'se looken for Mr. John Bannan; dis is Mr. Jacob's horse from Lancaster. I'se to show him to Mr. Bannan." "Pop come out here and look at Jim." He came out and asked the same question, but before he received an answer he said, "Frank go and bring Jim out." It was so ordered and so done. We stood the horses side by side and changed about. By this time there was quite a crowd gathered about examining the horses and no one could see any difference, not even the hostler could tell them apart until he looked at the ears We secured a pole and double harness and drove the splendid team to Orwigsburg and the first person we met was Lebengood, the man from whom Pop bought Jim. He said it was the most remarkable match he ever saw and actually pointed out the new horse (Blitz) for Jim and then said wait till I look at his ears. He then discovered his mistake. After trying the pair together and singly, he sent Mr. Jacob's his check and a finer pair of drivers never existed. Father was offered seven hundred and fifty dollars for them, but would not accept as they suited him exactly.

I am, however, deviating a bit from my subject, the farm. There are many little incidents connected with that

farm, two or three of which I might as well relate. It was there I learned to hunt and shoot quail. At ten years of age, out with my uncle, Charles Lawton, I shot my first quail on the wing, and have been a pretty good shot ever since, until three years ago the trolley car ran over and killed my good setter dog "Skip," and I have not hunted since. There's no **fun** in hunting without a dog, and "Skip" knew it too, as he was without exception the best dog in the County.

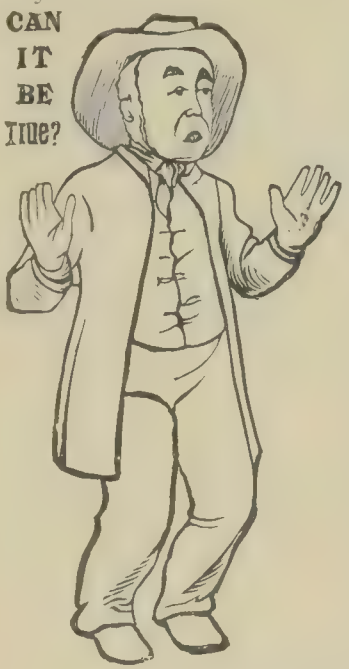
Father said to a Dutchman we had working for us on the farm, "Mike Konnsht du shiesse?" ("Can you shoot?") "Yah I konn shiesse." ("Yes I can shoot.") "Aber I han keine Gewehr." ("But I have no gun.") "Ich lein dir ein Gewehr mit pulfer und schrote." ("I'll lend

you a gun with powder and shot.") "Was sol i shiesse?" ("What shall I shoot?") "Du muscht die Grappe (Raben) shiesse sie verderben zu viel welsh korn." ("You must shoot the crows they spoil too much corn.") "Frank, get the gun with powder and shot." When I brought the gun into the office I saw by the way Mike handled it,

like a shinny, that he didn't know anything about a gun. "Pop, I'm going out to the farm early, there'll be a circus, he can't shoot, he don't know any more about the gun than the gun knows about him." I got there on schedule time and as I arrived in the first field the gun went off at both ends and Mike lay sprawling on his back. His wife

who had a reserved seat in the circus went to pick up the gun. Mike yelled to beat a democratic convention, "Ach himmel donner wetter, lase nummer liege, es blitzed noch nein mal." (Oh, thunder and mars, just let it lay it will go off nine times yet.") Upon questioning him I found he had put ten charges, by measure, of powder, and ten of shot into a tin cup, mixed them all up and poured it into the gun, with a piece of elder bush for a wad, expecting to discharge them one at a time. He was badly hurt, but succeeded in killing four out of six crows sitting on the top rail of the fence. His shoulder was disjointed. I took hold of his arm and placing my foot against his ribs, gave his arm a sudden jerk and snapped the joint into place. I told the family about it at breakfast and created quite a laugh, more about my dex-

terity than Mike's misfortune. I made a sling with my handkerchief. Mike was weeks getting over it, so he could go to work again, and if any person met him and asked, "Well Mike was fehlt dir den ein?" ("What is the matter with you?" I han Grappe g'echoose, and I gleichs G'wehrle net es hat mich umg' schlage ere are als un verdampton aisel, und i schiess keine mehr Grappe." ("I shot crows and I don't like the gun; it knocked me over worse than any d—d mule could, and I'll never shoot any more crows."



Pop then offered me ten cents a crow, dead or alive, and there again he was almost busted. I erected a pen with fence rails in a square, the length of the rails laid on top of each other and covered the whole with rails, leaving a space in the centre four inches wide between each of the rails, and scattered a lot of corn and wheat in the pen. The crows would lite on top and jump down through the space, but when they tried to fly out their out-spread wings prevented them from flying higher than the bottom of the rail and lower again impossible to get out. The next day, "Pop, you owe me one dollar and ninety cents; pony up." "How so Franky?" "I caught nineteen crows and if you'll take a walk with me out to the farm I'll convince you I'm telling the truth." "I had already made up my mind to go to the farm this morning and we will go now." When he saw the trap with nineteen live crows in it, he said: "My what an inventive genius you are; nobody but you would think of such a plan to catch crows." "Catch all you can and I'll pay you according to proimse." He did so

and the catch daily diminished until the crows either grew too smart and disappeared and gone to farmer Kellar's corn crib. I received quite a lot of circus money through my crow trap.

As I mention the circus, a little episode returns to me which carries me back seventy-three years. It is one of my earliest recollections as I was but four years of age.

Do you remember "Dan Rice?" Dan Rice's circus was exhibiting on the outskirts of town, by the old stone church on the last street towards Pottsville, some times used as a school house, and amongst other attractions he had a large balloon in which he was ascending and taking different people up with him, who were fearless enough to accompany him. I said, "Papa, I want to go." "No my son, you can't go." Old Dan said, "Mr. Bannan let him go, I'll take good care of him, and he'll never forget it." "All right, now Frank don't you jump out, be very careful." The balloon went up on signal to "let her go," and up, up, up, about two hundred feet getting nearer and nearer to Heaven, all the while, above beautiful old Orwigsburg, until the rope to which the their **aeroplane** was attached, became taunt, and goodness such a magnificent view I never beheld before, looking down upon the house tops and trees, and for miles around the country. Young as I was I fully appreciated the beauties of nature. No indeed, I never did forget it and never will, so long as memory lasts. We were pulled down to terra firma by a windlass, and every time I go to a circus, and, indeed I miss but few, I think of the grand delight I had on that day and say, "bully for old Dan Rice." The majority of you remember him. This is the first of my recollections of my boyhood, and as if it were but yesterday that it took place, and yet seventy-three years past. The other boys all envied me but were afraid, or not allowed, to get off of the earth.

Now we return again to the farm. We had a field of nine acres of the finest timothy you could imagine, measuring three and a half and four feet in height, and when the wind blew it resembled the breakers of the ocean, but so densly grown that it was not blown down. It was ripe and ready to mow, and "Frank, I want that field of timothy mowed tomorrow, and I will give you five dollars, (there it is again,) if you will get it cut" In the evening I engaged thirteen mowers at one dollar and twenty-five cents a day, with which, in those days, they were all satisfied. Do it today if you can, no unions or strikes, the men didn't know such stuff, and twelve hours good hard work with honest men. I also procured a gallon of the best rye whiskey, customary in those days. I don't know whether it was good or not, never having tasted it, but I do know there was but a pint left when the field was mowed. We started at six o'clock in the morning, the demijohn being concealed in the grass near the spring. I took the lead of the men and as we mowed once around the field, "come on fellows, we'll go to the spring." "Is there anything better there than water; if not I don't want to go," said "Fat Krater. (Ferdinand.) "There is nothing there better than water but something a wee bit stronger," said I. They all followed and got their **snifler,** even "Fat." On every trip around, we hied ourselves to that open saloon. Presently Fat was taken with **terrible** cramps. "Oh so bad and left the crowd of mowers, but he did it so often I was obliged to stick him under the fence and cover him over with grass. At six o'clock in the evening the field was entirely mowed and just then Pop made his appearance. Well, well my boy, you succeeded. How did you manage it?" "With plenty of force outside and in." "How do you mean?" "I hired thirteen men and **helper."** "What helper?" "Thirteen men and I and John." "What John?" "Demijohn." "Come along over to the spring and I'll introduce you." There he is, John this is my father, shake hands." They shook; Pop took a good one and **smacked.** "Franky, that's good in you." "No Poppy, it's better in you." Fat was a noted mower, a good blower and a mighty lively goer when "John" was about. "Frank, where's Fat?"

"He got the cramps too often and I was obliged to put him to sleep." There he is, under the fence, covered with grass; been there since the third round and didn't take any more than a pint at a time, poor fellow I pitied him he suffered so." He only got paid for a half day and didn't like it.

Now then we will close the gate and go into town, just a second or so. "Frank, there are three or four hogs

running around in the other field beyond, rooting up the grass. I tried to drive them out but I couldn't see where they got in I couldn't chase them out; they simply ran all over the field." The next day I went there and saw four good sized hogs, and driving them slowly, they went for a hollow log, through which they crept on knees and came out on the other side of the fence, into their own field. The log was bent in growth having a large elbow. I turned the log under the fence so that both ends protruded into the owner's field and went some distance away to watch. In a short time they all returned and one after the other crept through the log, and finding themselves just where they started, in their own field, with a snort and a grunt, they all ran to another part of the field, utterly surprised at the turn of affairs. When I told Pop, he said "well it takes a smart boy to connive such things." We leave the farm.

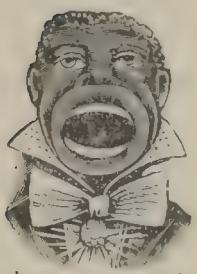
What have we here? Oh lots of fun, frolic and mischief. The yearly batallions were held there in Market

Square, where Captain Henry Reinheimer was wont to drill the entire brigade, some with guns, some with swords and others with canes stuck into pistols, in fact anything but the regular arms. Some with uniforms and brass buttons, some with linen dusters and others in their shirt sleeves and ragged trousers and no shoes on, known as the "ragged Pennsylvania malitia." Henry used to march in front of the entire army carrying his curved sword on his shoulder

just like a "giggadeer brindle" and never looked behind him, trusting to the proper marching and conduct of the entire force. One day I suggested to the men to "turn up the street at the eastern end of the square and go around the block, he never would see them." They did so and got in behind him at the next corner, with a perfect war whoop and every person who noticed it yelled like a Democratic convention or Philadelphia strikers, and Captain Henry took off his cocked hat in recognition of the applause he thought he was receiving and not knowing what had happened. When he drilled his men he'd say, "attention **squat."** The most of the men would obey the command by squatting down on the ground. "I didn't tole you to set down, I said soldier arms; now git up again. "Now soldier arms squat." Down they'd go again. "Now git up onct agin, what you mean?" "Order arms **squad. So**me one had informed him of his wrong pronounciation. This time they remained standing. It seems he, by some means, had caught on, but sometimes he'd forget himself and down they would **squat** again and he getting tired would march the "whole company" off to another place. It was real fun to see the country girls offer the gallant soldiers oranges and bretzels during the march. How they would grab for them and eat them in line and too, how they lit segars and pipes and smoke while marching. Such complete military tactics were never known as those before the Mexican war and even up to the late rebellion of 1861. Charley Bodey's "curiosity shop," contains Henry Reinheimer's coat and shappean.

There were five or six stores on Market Street. A few of the boys, whose parents kept chickens, no names, once in a while would steal their eggs, sell them to E. and E. Hammer, watch their opportunity and steal them again sell them to Joseph Hammer; steal again, sell to Jacob Huntzinger; steal again, sell to John Schall—finally recover them again, carry them home and go through the same manoeuvers the next day, telling their parents "the eggs had been stolen by some person." They were finally discovered and eggs became very scarce in the stores, going up in price from eight cents a dozen to ten cents a

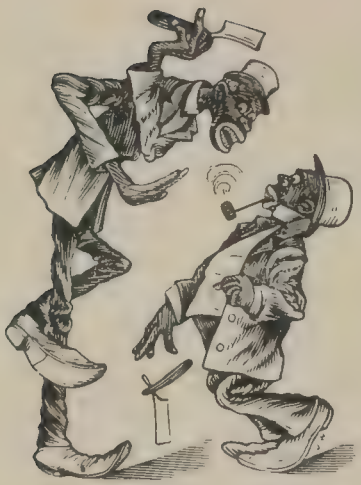
dozen, a fearful price in those days. What can eggs be bought at now?



Jim Phoenix, a great big colored boy, and our boone companion, was in the habit of splitting boards, denting old tin wash boilers, breaking shingles, etc., etc., by butting them with his thick, stone-like skull. One day while in Mr. Joseph Hammer's store, going into the cellar he said: "Frank, there's a big cheese, do you want it?" I examined it and found it was soft with maggots. "Yes sir, what do you want for it?" "You may have it if you carry it out." I waited a few minutes for my molasses jug to fill. In the meantime "Tador Zuller," an imbecile came down for molasses. I said, "Tador, do you like molasses?" "Yes indeed I do." "Well get down here on your hands and knees and put your mouth to the spigot and I'll give you some." It was a large mouthed gate or faucet. He put his mouth close to it while Mr. Hammer was in another part of the cellar. I opened the gate suddenly and **gee wiz,** what a sweet face poor Tador had. He didn't wait for his pitcher but cleared out as fast as he could, home, with his face and hair smeared thick with old New Orleans and all the boys laughing and yelling at him. He told his mother "the barrel busted." There certainly was nothing unnatural in that sweet trick, as even chickens will peck one of their number that is sick or crippled. I find I have deviated from my story about Jim Phoenix, but how could I miss such a glorious chance as that? But this is only related as is done in the theatres, to gain a little time, I carried the cheese out of the cellar, a good big fat one about two and a half feet in diameter and eight or ten inches thick, and delightfully milchy and finely flavored, placed it on a store box at the curb. "Has any one seen black Jim?" "Yes, there he goes, about a half block away, call him." "Hello Jim, come here." He was quick to come. "What does yer want?" "Jim, I'll give five cents if you can break that cheese in two so Mr. Hammer won't have to cut it, it's too big for his use." Jim went back against the house and with head down,

took a run, struck the cheese with terrible force as he went clean (I don't mean clean, for he wasn't clean) but clear through it, his wooly head and face down to his shoulders

were one mass of inhabitants and shaking his head, "booh, booh, booh, dat am terrible; you ought to give me ten cents for dat. I'll neber git dat nasty stuff out en my hayer in two weeks and wot will my folks tink o' dat?" "Well, I never," said Mr. Hammer, "I couldn't understand what that boy wanted with that rotten cheese; I am glad it is out of my cellar." John, get a broom and sweep it off of the payment. It was not long before six or seven hogs, being driven through the street, caught the scent of it and went for it gladly, ridding Uncle Joseph of any further trouble. Jim got his ten cents and went home to scrub. There came in the old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Jim wasn't the only happy one with his ten cents, in the crowd. I even now feel happy when I think of it and often wondered "what did that boy do next?" I'll tell you. A few days after that we had the poor darkey butting against a thin wooden box filled with rotten eggs. The lid was the thinest we could get.



He went through it like a thunder bolt and "glory anna-hanna," it was worse than when the other fellow was trying to catch a ground hog, the one of weather fame, and instead caught a skunk. Jim said, "Yo'll neber no mo kotch dis yar nigga buttin agin nuffin else 'cept ony boards and sich like, ef you ever does, I'll cut you wid a razor. He kept his vow and nothing could induce him to break it.

We are still on Market Square, where many a piece of **fun, frolic and mischief** transpired, to the joy and p'easure of the dear little, innocent perpetrators. There was a storekeeper, "Old Charley," who traded in railroad sills, cord wood and the like, who one day engaged Lou Schoener and me, to carry into his yard a large pile of cord wood which stood in front of his home. He was to give us each a levy, (twelve and a half cents,) and a lemon when we got through. I told Pop about it and said, "I've got a job." "Yes Franky, you have indeed a job, but beware of that man Old Charley." We started at six o'clock next morning and worked hard to get the nine cords of wood in through a narrow passage way, before night. At dinner time his wife handed us each a piece of dry rye bread and a slice of raw flitch on top of it. It would have been good in the late rebellion. "Here boys, here's your dinner. We thought it magnanimous to get a levy; a lemon and such a wo-be joyful,? and extra dinner—such as we never had the pleasure of eating. We finished up our work at six o'clock in the evening, when our contractor said, "much obliged boys, now you may go." "Why, ain't you going to give us the levy and lemon you promised us each?" "Oh no, my wife gave you your dinner and that was worth a quarter a piece." Some few weeks after that I suggested, "lets

get even with old Charley." "How can we do that?" "He has a lot of eggs standing in tubs, on the cellar steps, we can put strings to the props some evening and pull them out when no person is near." In a day or so, the job was arranged and at eight o'clock, the stores were always kept open until nine o'clock we brought the ends of the strings up to one side and slipped them through the space between the hinges and concealed ourselves under the open cellar door. "Ready," now with a sudden jerk we pulled the props out from in under and down went the four tubs, filled heaping full with eggs, breaking four or five hundred dozen of them, into delicious cold omlett. Charley heard the racket and came out of the store to learn what it was. As soon as he saw what had happened he returned and said, "Selle verdompdter rotter hen the poschter ob ge fresser un die oyer die schtake nunner g' schmisser." (Those darned rats gnawed off the props and upset the eggs down the steps.) Lou and I took unfair advantage before the loungers came out and like good, brave boys, scooted down the side street, returning in time to hear all about "them abominable" rats, and pitied poor Old Charley from the bottom of our hearts, from which I guess the bottoms had long before dropped out. Every time either of us would meet him we'd ask: "Say Charley, aint you going to give us the levy and the lemon?" "I guess if you count up the interest the money will be a dozen levies and a box of lemons." We carried this on until his death, which occurred in Orwigsburg, in the 50's. I told Pop what we had done. "It serves him right, I told you to beware of him, but you little devil you don't ever let me catch you doing that again." You didn't catch me this time Poppy," then a hearty laugh.

One day a farmer appeared with a box containing eight young foxes, which he had captured in the woods and wanted to sell them at one dollar a piece. His box was standing on the pavement with the slats in front instead of on top, when Rube was in the store, in front of which the foxes were.

Some **young mischief,** don't try to guess who it was, for you can't, pulled one of the slats off and walked away. Suddenly there was a stampede of the young raynards on the street and **scampering** all over the town. "Nun sehn yuscht a mal hie, wer der teufel had dan sell gethune)" ("Now just look there, who the devil did that?") Of course no person knew. The foxes were all re-caught except one. I succeeded in catching one and Rube gave it to me for helping to catch the others. Honesty rewarded. He succeeded in selling six of them, but they all died in a very short time for want of proper care. We didn't know as much as their mother did.

Mr. Linder's tailor shop was located on Market Square. It was there where our oligarchy was concocted and all tricks and pranks originated, with the exception of those which took place on the impulse of the moment, and they were many. It was our rendezvous in the evening, after supper, until the curfew rang, that is the private curfews, as our parents required us to be in our respective homes at eight o'clock in order to store our minds with the good learning we were expected to render up in school the next morning. "Theodore, spell goose." "Gus." "Right, go up head." It was in that shop that Tador Zuller said, "he'd bet he'd weigh heavier than I did." I said, "Well we'll settle it in this way; you lift me, then I'll lift you." "All right." He lifted me and when I raised him I motioned one of the boys to draw the wet sponge over the edge of the shop board as he did so I dropped poor Tador on to the sponge as if he weighed 500 pounds. I said, "Tador, you are the heaviest." "Yes by Got mit all dat water." Mr. Linder enjoyed it as much as the **rest of us boys** did. He never checked us, as he was a boy with the boys. He made my new trousers after Paddy Burns' flank movement on the **seat of war.**

There was still another tailor shop in the same block that of George A. Fey, which was also a camping ground for the poor, innocent kids. One Saturday afternoon, there being no school, there was an Italian organ grinder came in. I gave him ten cents for the use of his machine while he sat on the steps outside eating

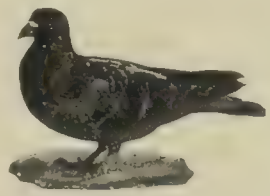
his lunch. I fixed the organ so it made more noise than music; managed to find a piece of buffalo robe under the table with which I made a bearded mask, sewed a parcel of rags on my clothes, picked up the machine and went across the street, where Mr. Charles Frailey, editor of "Stimme Des Volks," was sitting at his window, writting, I suppose, something about mischevious boys, of course there were none in good old Orwigsburg. I began to play with such terrible vehemence that he couldn't **hear** himself write and kept motioning me away, but I could a not a understand a de English. He finally came to the door and handed me a quarter to go away. I left and went to my home. In front of my father's office I gave another serenade; he too got annoyed by my persistence and came out giving me a quarter to leave. I moved along to the parlor window; rat, tat, tat a rat, beautiful charming music. My sisters raised the sash and gave me a quarter to git, as one of them was practicing on the piano and did not wish to be disturbed. I stopped at the front door where mother was standing. I heard her say to my sisters inside, "just look at that poor miserable soul." She said to me, "you ought to go to work," but me no speak a de English and remained there playing for all there was in the machine. Another quarter and a motion to leave. I unstrung the **microbe hatcher,** when father, mother and the girls came to the door and fairly shouted when I unmasked and they discovered their innocent Franky was the organ-grinder and seventy-five cents of their money in his pocket. Returning to the tailor shop, I gave the Italian an extra ten cents and he departed in good spirits, going to Schoener's hotel to get some more (spirits.)

On one of the corners of a cross street, stood a fine large popular tree. Regularly, once a week, a young man from Pottsville, appeared dressed in a neat suit of white, and being infatuated with one of the young ladies, who resided close by. He was afraid to call, being very diffident, so he placed himself with his back against the tree and stood there by the hour, hoping the lady in question, would show herself somewhere about the premises, but she did not fully appreciate nor reciprocate his

love sickness. This performance got to be somewhat monotonous. The following week his arrival in town was awaited with much impatience by the **infernals.** He arrived at seven o'clock and before he had finished his supper, the tree was smeared with tar, possibly its own sap excuding through the bark—would you believe it? Yes coal black bar. He took his usual position and thought the bark felt a kind 'o soft-like, and put his hands around to find out what produced that velvety—like feeling. He looked, beheld, and jumped in order to free himself from that **tar-tar, he had caught.** The last we saw of him, he was skidding like an automobile to make the next stage coach out. His beautiful white suit; Oh my. He never ventured ruining another suit of neat white clothes. Who was the instigator of that **fun?** Well I did't say, but whoever it was had his fun, with the other members of the company. You all know what boys are at such an age, "Neither flesh, fish, fowl nor good red herring." Of course the suit was spoiled but that did not enter into consideration. He never put in another appearance at that tree and we knew there was great rejoicing in the house.

In the same street, to the left of the Court House, was located Mr. Graeff's Rising Sun Hotel," a famous hostelry, who had as his hostler a noted character of the town, and old man, short of stature, about four feet six inches high, a high silk hat, a curly beard from ear to ear, under his chin and shaved away from it. Something a la Mr. Horace Greely, a turned down mouth, always smoking a broken clay pipe, a coat and vest which had belonged to some taller and stouter person, and trousers no doubt of the same suit, as they dragged along the pavement, as he walked, a pair of slip-shod shoes that would remind one of a dancing master, a very large hump on his back, which looked as if his back had been broken, but was a natural deformity. He was the, then, curiosity of the town, as Bodey's curiosity shop was not in vogue. I suppose you all recognize the description, Georgey Becker. He was always on hand when any person appeared at the hotel, whether on foot or in conveyance. If on foot, "just go in the tavern and you can

git a drink." If in a carriage, "I'll jist took your horse around and when he gits hungry, I'll make him some dinner, un den maby I git a leedle some-ding for schnaps, now ain'tid?



In those days wild pigeons which were a plenty, would break down big heavy branches of the trees upon which they lit. They have long since departed and no person knows where they have gone to. Georgey was the best pigeon hunter we had and always brought more, a larger bag than any one else. I discovered how it happened, how he came to be the lucky one. I was out in search of the game, having already captured two, when I came to a field with wild pigeons that were feeding on the acorns with which the tree was over-hung. There were also six or eight hogs under the tree feeding on the fallen ones. By the time I got close enough to shoot, suddenly a gun went off and from the smoke I could see that the shot came from among the hogs. Some eight or ten birds dropped, the rest flying away, and up jumped Georgey Becker, who had been creeping on his hands and knees in among the porkers, and gathered up his acquisitions. The birds couldn't tell the difference. He grunted like a hog, looked like a hog, smelt like a hog, and followed up his game which had flown away and settled in an oak woods, quite a distance away. I proceeded on my way and during the morning, succeeded in shooting ten more birds, and, on coming home, met Georgey, and asked him how many he had shot? He replied, "I didn't get so much today, I only got sixty-six, by Gott dey are scarce." A few days afterwards I met him again with gun in hand. "Well Georgey, what did you shoot today?" "Vy dem pigeons wasn't aroundt yet today an I ony got a couple o' barn pheasants," showing me some chickens, for my Granmam." Katy Kepp, an old recluse, who was his aunt, and lived in a frame shanty on the site where the new "Dutch Performed" Church now stands. We used to steal her plums and she get after us with a broom stick "Dir verdomptler gallia-vogel." One day, out of curi-

sity, I asked him, "Georgey, how did you break your back?" His reply was, "Vy I was on der hay wagon, un hay wagon wend over der gutter, und der hay wagon upset an him dat was under der hay wagon, by Got dat was I." I had a fine photograph of him, but in moving my office it was either mislaid or stolen, as I have not been able to lay my hands on it since. I think I know who took it, as he asked who it was and admired it much, but prove it if you can. "Smile, let the other fellow cuss." "Tain't your biz to make a fuss; you can clear away the muss with a smile."—Florence W. Pierce.

Hellow, who's dead? There goes Johhny Wellis. Johhny was another noted character of the metropolis; noted for always being the first to hear of a death and attend the funeral. He lived on the first road, to the left, as you approach Orwigsburg from Pottsville—The Gravel Barrick towards and beyond Bodey's mill, past Lehigh Valley Railroad. How he ever learned of the deaths before anyone else not connected with the families, we could never discern, and whenever he was seen in town, it was a sure sign that some person had died. It may have been that he heard the bell toll, as it was customary to toll the bell of the particular church of which the deceased was an attendant, and then went to town to make inquiry. I met him one day when there was a funeral and asked him: "Johnny, how is it you always come to town when there is a funeral and we seldom see you at any other time?" "Well, you know we always git such nice cheese cakes and custards at dem funerals." It was a fact, and people would come from far and wide, to enjoy the feast. I remember one who knew he was at death's door and **knocking very hard to get in,** and just before he died, he told his family that he wanted them to feed and feast one thousand persons at his funeral, and his request was complied with as near as possible. It was announced in the papers of the County. Some from a far distance arrived the next day and were still very

liberally provided for. Georgey and Johnny very seldom suffered the pangs of hunger, as they were not regular beggars, but did not object to accepting alms when offered.

On account of the great width of Market Square, it was the grandest place in town for the playing of our pranks, tricks, **fun, frolic and mischief,** such as placing strings across the pavement to trip pedestrians, pull hats off, sound the door knockers, ring the door bells, corn the windows and **cabbabe stem t**he tide of deviltry; for we could easily escape the agrieved by running across the street before any one came to the door. Dr. Bright lived in the Square diagonally opposite the "Rising Sun." We tied a string to his door knocker and went across the street, and the pavement being several feet higher on that side our cord escaped all of the wagons and pedestrians, as the knocker was pretty well up on the door, three or four steps above the pavement, out of the way or reach of the smaller kids. We pulled, out came Dr. Bright, no person there nor in the neighborhood. "I was sure I heard the knock," he said. The door was closed; bang, bang went the old brass hammer. Dctor out and ran down to the croner, but no ghost in sight. The next time, he stood inside of the door with a broom in his hand to catch the sardine this time. The load was fired again, the door immediately opened and Doctor with the broom stick swinging right and left, regardless of his office window, which was but eight or ten inches away from his door jam, he broke every glass in the sash, and made use of some adjectives that sounded like: Oh well you know what, I don't like to say, and reached up and caught the string which he tried to follow but with a good, strong jerk, it was gathered in by the boys and down the other side of the street we scooted for dear life, and you bet we did not know how to run. Wasn't that simply unalloyed happiness? Wasn't it jolly? Did you ever experience it? At any rate it was a very **bright** three act play.

Did you ever put four bricks into an old high hat and stand it crown up on the pavement, then stand close by, totally oblivious, and see some man come along and give it a tremenduous kick? "Ouch, oh, oh, my!" Well that originated in Orwigsburg, 438 B. C., long before old Orwig ever thought of looking for the town. Pocket books, stuffed with paper, would walk of, when any person attempted to pick them up. These things generally happened on All Fools' Day, (April 1st.,) but should it so happen, in any way, that we had no first of April, they would take place notwithstanding, how-some-ever-never-the-less all the same. Boys are born to **"fun, frolic** and **mischief."** There were other acts of equal merit that took place on that street and policemen never disturbed the perpetrators, there were none. I mean policemen, but perpetrators, real actors galore. One, Charley had an ice cream stand on Bodey's hotel porch. I took George Douglass with me and gave him a treat to a fip's worth (six and a quarter cents) of ice cream. We finished eating it, not the fip, but the ice cream. I gave Charley a counterfeit shilling (two levies, a quarter.) Charley bit on it, threw it down on the pavement to hear it ring, but it didn't. Charley said, "I believe this is a counterfeit," but gave me a good levy in change. "Wait till I go over to Schall's store, which was on the opposite corner, and find out." He returned, saying, "it's no good." I said, "well Charley I have a good levy here I can give you, give me the quarter." I gave him the levy he had given me in change. "Now," he said, "that's all right." We left with a "laughing bee" in our hat. The next day

I went to him and said, "Charley I owe you a levy, here's a quarter; change, please give me a levy." He complied and had the same quarter of the day before, but he didn't suspect it then. The next day I went with a genuine quarter and told him I owed it to him," and if he would return the other one I would give him the good one. He hunted through his shot bag and found the counterfeit. In a little legerdemain, I managed to give it back to him. I kept him in confusion for several days and when I finally settled with him and paid him good money I explained the whole transaction. He said, "I just knew there was something wrong somewhere but I couldn't tell where it was, and now I'm three levies in." Charley was educated in Paddy Burns' school as a splendid arithmatician. The teacher'd call him, "Now, Charley your multiplication table, go on Charley." Twice one are two, twice two are four, twice four are eight, twice five, twice five are nine, twice five are nine." "Well go on Charley." "Twice one are two, twice two are four, twice three are six. I forgot twice four are eight, twice five are nine." "Twice five are ten, Charley; now say it after me." "After me." "Well go on Charley." "Twice one are two, twice two are four, twice four are eight, twice five are nine, twice five are nine, and so on adin-fi-ni-tum and I don't believe he ever got beyond that, but poor fellow in the course of time got somewhere beyond the earth.

There were many occurrences along that street, some of which might prove to be historical and of advantage to this society, instead of being simple reminiscences as above enumerated. For instance, the first prisioners were confined in the cellar of the old "Harlem House" (Hotel,) and chained to a few stumps, two of which are still there, with iron rings attached thereto. The hotel is to be razed (April 13th, 1910,) and a new three-story brick hotel to be built to take its place. There were also some stumps in the Haesler house used for the same purpose. I am really glad to hear of any improvements taking place in the town of my nativity.

There are a few other recollections, which, though not very pleasant, might prove of interest, more to show

my memory than for anything else. I was standing at our corner, one morning, when Hon. Judge George Rausch's horse became frightened at a boy's kite, and ran away, turning the corner and up into our street, when the carriage was overturned, throwing Judge Rausch out against the Court House curb stone and killing him, I managed to catch the horse before he got away; tied him to a tree, and then succeeded in getting the Judge out from under the buggy, and laid him on the pavement. Soon there were many persons there and he was carried to his home, which was nert door to us, on Market Square. The Judge was the grandfather of Mrs. Frank Haeseler, wife of our former worthy Tax Collector.

An other unpleasant affair, such as boys are always impressed with, and never forget. Stages used to run from

Danville, Pa., to Philadelphia, passing back and forth through Orwigsburg, which was one of the stopping places.. One morning your humble servant was stealing a ride on the boot, coming from the Red Church into town, and noticing that the stage was swerving from right to left, jumped off in time to prevent an accident to me. The stage went off the regular road over a bank into the summer road and "turned turtle," and the only passenger who was in it, Mr. Samuel Brooke, of Pottsville, was killed, or rather so badly injured that he only lived three days. The stage driver and I succeeded in getting him out. Others came to the rescue, the stage set up and he was taken to the Rising Sun Hotel, where Mr. Jacob Mathews nursed him for three days, when he succumbed to the accident. Mr. Brooke was the father of our late Mr. Lewis P. Brooke and the grandfather of Mrs. Judge D. B. Green.

Let us return from the heart-rendering scenes of my youth, to something more pleasant to relate and listen to. I fear, however, I am tiring your patience with political speech, as it is neither Democratic nor Republican, but more of a social nature. (From the audience: "Go on, go on, we are not tired and want to hear you.") I men-

tioned something about Bodey's mill, on the first road from the left, as we enter Orwigsburg from Schuylkill Haven, towards Tumbling Run. I was coming along

that road one summer morning when I suddenly espied three deer, a large buck and two doe in Mr. William Grieff's corn field, on the opposite side of the mill; a beautiful sight for a young boy. I yelled, clapped my hands and whistled. What funny things you see, when you have no gun, when with a nort and "bah," "bah," they took to their heels and bounded over the fence into the woods above. I reported the fact in town and that afternoon every person who could find a gun, a pistol or bow and arrow, was out after the game, but, of course it have gotten beyond the frailties of human nature and because the sportsmen didn't see any game they began to doubt me and said, "it was one of Frank's jokes." They were, however, convinced on seeing the tracks in the corn field. This was in 1845. I was in the old mill at one time, after that, when Mr. Michael Seltzer, the proprietor and Mr. George Dreibelbies, the latter measuring six feet five inches in height, and weighing two hundred and ninety-five pounds, were standing in conversation, when Mr. Seltzer suggested: "George, I'll bet you one dollar you can't carry two of those bags of wheat up stairs at once." "I'll bet you I can; here Frank hold the stakes." which I did. Dreibelbies picked up one bag and slung it across his shoulders, and the second across the other shoulder, then Seltder and I put the third across the two back of his head. "Now Seltzer, you get on top." Behold you he carried those nine bushels of wheat, 540 pounds and Seltzer weighing 170 pounds, total 710 pounds up into the third story of the mill and

with a shrug of his shoulder dumped the whole load on the floor, winning with ease the bet and Seltzer being the owner but unable to perform the feat, was glad to pay the dollar as he wanted the wheat upstairs. One day a farmer with a load of hay attempted to drive on to the weigh scales but couldn't make a hit with the hind wheels. George came along, "wait a minute old boy, I'll help you," and with that went behind the wagon, got under the projecting pole and lifted the rear end of the whole load over on to the scales. George had a sister who measured six feet and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, whom the boys used to call "Mag, the tosser," because when they teased her she'd catch them by the back of the neck and slack of the breeches, and toss them into the gutter. They finally got acquainted and desisted.

One evening the Juveniles were sitting on the Court House steps, when I suggested: "Boys, lets go down to Faust's spook house, on the Red Hill, below the Red

Church, and see whether we can find out the spook." That was below the Red Church, about two miles from town. There were only three of us who agreed to go, the rest being somewhat fearful, lest the spook should catch them. "I'll go," "so will I," I won't," "neither will I." It was about half past six in the evening when we three brave ones started out. We carried along some matches and a few penny dips. Some one of the boys said, "in order to prove that you were there, bring back some ostrich feathers which you'll find in the cellar in a barrel, and we will wait here until your return." How he knew about the feathers we couldn't tell. We arrived there in a little less than an hour and began to investigate. The old stone house was vacant, but open, as it had been for over a year and a half. As we entered the front door, we heard a terrible clashing and clanging as if chains were rattling through the house. One boy said, "I wont go in." "Ach come on' don't be such a coward." He was finally persuaded to enter. He took the downstairs, the other took the cellar and I went upstairs. There was the old chain rattling, of which many complained, and as I approached a certain window, the spook became more and more em-

phatic and my heart fairly leaped with fear. I was never frightened in my life before except when my father thrashed poor Franky for poking a stick in Henry Huntzinger's eye through a knot-hole in our fence, as he was peering into our yard. He yelled and so did I. "Ach du lieber Augusht," but my father was hard on me that time. Nothing daunted, I went to the window and what a fearful soul-defying combination of anvil chains clashing, teeth grinding, etc., I heard. It was enough to make my hair turn white and my knees clap each other as if I were stricken with palsy. My teeth also chattered as if I had fever and ague. My oh my, what a terrible sensation I suffered. I raised the window, peered out into the darkness, bang, clang, r. r. r. t. t., as I took hold of the shutter there was that which I was looking for, but, did not expect to find, the spook; the real genuine spook, live spook, which had often been heard but never seen. The wind was blowing the shutter back against the lightning rod which caused the whole trouble and the agony of all the farmers in the neighborhood. When I pulled in the shutter, the noise stopped and the **spook** was **non est.** I called the other boys and told them I had "found the spook." They both came upstairs, the one who had been in the cellar carrying his ostrich trophy. The whole thing was satisfactorily explained. When we arrived home, about half past nine o'clock, there still sat our companions, who, when they they heard our true story were much surprised that we had found the trouble and regretted not having gone with us. Faust's spook was unearthed.

Next day I met Mr. Abraham Faust in town, with a load of hay, and asked him what he would give me if I discovered his spook? He said he would pay me five dollars and move his family into the house as soon as he could have it put in order. "When are you going home?" "In about a half hour, after I unload my hay at Bodey's tavern." "All right, I'll go with you." We soon started off, I sitting on the bottom board of the hay wagon with him. In the course of conversation he remarked in Dutch: "Wert es net ort lig wan du der schpook aus finne doechcht?" ("Wouldn't it be funny if

you discovered the spook.") We drove to the house as it was only a short distance from where he and his family were living. As we approached the building the wind was blowing quite strong. He said: "na harrich e mal an sell verdompdt ding." (Now just listen to that d-d thing.) I took him upstairs and showed him to all satisfaction the spook, the terror of the neighborhood for years, and suggested he could move the lightening rod, by bending it away from the shutter, or put a stop back of the shutter. He thought it would be better to bend the rod as there would be no way to fasten the shutter open. He paid me the promised green back and I walked home with "five dollars in my inside pocket." He repaired the house and the very next week his family moved into the old house, delighted with the best residence in the neighborhood, and wondered why the demon had never been discovered before. A history of this affair had previously been attempted by another person, but as it happened it was a **misfit.** You now have as it transpired—"the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." I however, am the only living one of that party of boys and if you doubt me telephone up.

Let us jump now from the Red Church and Red Hill, over to Gallows Hill, on the East, where we did spend a little time, and have a word or two about the White Church, the "Dutch Performed Church." "Spooks," did you say? Ah then there was the place for **hobgoblins.** The cemetery was badly haunted and people were afraid to pass it at night, preferred going a square or two around to go to McKeansburg, or on the lower road, Lizzard Creek drive way. "Seller grab haff schpooked ver dampdt sei un ich geh net nachsts zu." ("By Jinks that old grave yard is haunted and I'll not go near it.") The ghosts of the deceased wicked were seen to arise from the graves and walk around among those of the good ones and endeavor to have them join their class. One night I took a sheet with me and went to the grave yard, covered myself over with it and sauntered leisurely through the grounds, in and out of the various burial lots, and caused several persons to run rapidly past, when suddenly Mr. Fetzer's window opened. Fetzer was the organist of the

church and lived on the next corner opposite the cemetery. Bang went a gun, the bullet striking against a large, flat tombstone in very close proximity to me when "Franky" was the badly scared one, dropped the sheet, rolled it up and got out of the city of the dead P. D. Q. When it became noised abroad, next day, many visited the grave yard to see where the bullet had struck. That settled the spooks of the White Church, with the exception of one. Before that "the woods was full of them." Ah, there, wait a minute, there's another verse to this chapter which I inadvertently omitted.

There were funerals in those days and for all I know they still have them, but they were not such funerals as we have nowadays: "please omit flowers," "funeral private," or "burial strictly private," etc. No such thing as handsome dead wagons, with glass sides and feather plumes, or a magnificent silver mounted hearse, wherein every person was dieing to ride and after riding in it once, never wanted to ride in it again, with handsome black horses and beautiful black nets, the driver with a high silk hat, and streamers of crepe dangling down behind him, but all was simple and unostentatious. A pine board coffin pointed at the head, every person was **"cordially invited to attend,"** and all attended, and frequently the cortege was so long that the **cold corpus** was buried and **sock-dology** said before the last couple entered the church yard. They didn't use hearses or carriages, every person walked and the coffin was placed on a pall, a kind of an open **lace bench** with drop handles, wooden clamps to screw the coffin fast on it, to prevent it's sliding off, carried on the shoulders of four men of the same height. (They couldn't use one short man as the corpse would certainly walk lame; hence the name pall bearer.) There was a funeral in "the old church yard on the hill," on a Saturday afternoon, and after the Rev. Mr. Reibelt had expatiated largely and eulogized the dead and given out and sung the hymn, in which all present joined, the coffin was placed as usual on two sticks across the grave—when it was discovered that the **entrance to the other world** was too short, by twelve or fifteen inches and too narrow by about six inches. The Dutch Performed minister an-

nounced in Dutch, with his hymn-book up before his eyes, as he was wont to do; "das ist zu klein, es geht nicht nein, es mus ein wenig groesser sein," when the old Dutch

women, thinking he was giving out a hymn, began to sing, to the tune of old Hunard, "Dais ist zu Klein es geht nicht nein, (it is too small it won't go in") es muss un wenig groesser sein," (it must be a little larger,) and, still holding up his book, said: "Nein, nein, das hab ich, nicht gemeined." ("No, no, I didn't mean that." The women started up the second verse in the same tune: "Nein, nein, das hab ich nicht gemeined." His Riverence whispered something to the sexton, who replied, "he could not possibly enlarge the grave before morning as he had another grave to dig and finish before night." It was concluded to leave the corpse of the old lady, on the pall in the grave yard, covered with a piece of oil cloth, until Sunday morning, at half past nine o'clock, by which time the grave would be enlarged and the burial take place. Being Saturday the curfew did not ring that night. The coffin was left in one of the passage ways. There was a grand chance for **fun, frolic** and **mischief,** and Franky, Frailey, Schoener and Hubley, managed to get there at twelve o'clock that night, and stood the coffin on end against a tomb-stone, head up, and unnoticed by the watchful Fetzer, placed a pumpkin spook head with a tallow candle inside, on top of the coffin. In the morning we were there on the tolling of the bell, and although the light had gone out of the old lady, nevertheless there was still a glimmer in the twinkling of the evening twilight. The old woman was buried to **fit** in the grave and after the ceremony we departed wondering who had committed the diabolical act.

"Come on 'Pete,' let's go to church." Peter Frailley was my boon comapnion and always ready to accept my bids. It happened to be the semi-annual taking of communion; they only took sacrament then "as the maggots bit," once in six months or so. When the time arrived

for the communicants, they arrayed themselves in a semi-circle in front of the altar, the "right resting" in the chancel. There was one old Dutchman in his trousers and shirt, no coat, no vest nor collar, who stood at one end of the half circle, where the minister first offered the wine and as he held out the goblet, Dutchy took a slight sip, then moved quietly and slowly around, behind the others, unobserved, until he reached the other end of **the rain bow,** as the boys called it, and when Rev. Reibelt handed him the goblet with wine, he grasped it with both hands and took a real good swig, and rubbing his stomach said: "Oh my, I loff mein Chesus so I could drink a whole quart von dat cider," and went to his seat wiping his mouth with his hand. Now certainly you couldn't **smile,** as he did at anything of that kind. Even I, the most demure person in town, tried hard to force a slight grin, but it was not within my power to do so, as I felt too sanctimonious. I occasionally entertained a few **pangs** of religion; I wasn't entirely void, and sometimes when those feelings were co-mingled with **fun, frolic** and **mischief,** why bless your dear soul, I was like a Saint and always said, "Amen," with the rest of the worshippers, even though I were pinching another boy who was down on his knees beside me, and the exhorters thought they were giving him religion, from his cries.

The Rev. Mr. Reibelt spoke to a woman about having her young boy baptised. She said, "No Parson, I don't improve on baptizing so young, we'll just wait once till he's old enough to know what getting baptized means; we'll just call him Georgey now." When the boy was ten years old, she was asked by Rev. Mr. Geisenheimer, the then succeeding minister, "Has four boy ever been baptized?" No, he wasn't old enough, but he is ten now, and I kin fetch him along once next Sunday, den we can do it." "All right, I'll be ready for him." She fetched him and said: "Georgey knows now what it means to get his sins washed oud." The baptizing was done by pouring water from a pitcher on the **back** of the head, while holding the head over a tin basin. The minister asked "his name?" Answer: "Jacob George Frey," and when his Riverence had finished and called his name, the young

hopeful Jacob George turned to his mother and in a loud voice heard all over the church, said :Mam, fur was hat seller verdampdt Kerl sell gethue?" "What did that d—d fellow do that for,) showing that he knew and fully appreciated what it meant to be baptized and have his sins washed out.

Were you ever in the old White Church? Possibly some of you may have been there in your younger days. Did you ever notice how they took up the collections? They had a lot of black velvet bags with small silvered bells hung on the bottom, I suppose to awaken those who were enjoying the sermon, while fast asleep, which were attached to long, very long rods, so they didn't enter the pews, but merely shoved the purses along to each occupant. They could even reach the first seats in the gallery, while other McKinley mountain climbers, reached the rest of the contributions from above and behind them. Many a time I saw the old farmers and **forelschte-ers** put in a quarter and take ten, twenty and twenty-four cents for change. One one solemn occasion there was a strange lady from Philadelphia, in church, who sat behind a Dutch woman, who had on a low neck dress. The Philadelphian had occasion to sneeze and before she could get her **ladies lace handkerchief** to her snozzle, it went off and slightly sprinkled Dutchy's neck, who turning full around said: "for vy die Teufel you don't do your schnoricksing in your own home pefore you come here?" No reply. Franky thought it was really wonderful that he didn't laugh. Well how could he,? he was in church, but when church was out, the splendid echo to the north of the church, on the McKeansburg road, repeated itself dozens of times and kept reverberating until night fall. That really is the finest echo anywhere this side of the one in the capitol, at Washington, and I have fooled a great many persons who actually thought I had some **other** mischief concealed in the church with a preconcerted agreement to fool the people. That echo is still there, but one must go on the upper road, directly opposite the centre of the church, and everything you say will be reverberated three or four times to you in as clear a voice as you give. Being still there "you can fool some of the

people some of the time, half of the people half of the time , but you can't fool all of the people all of the time"—Lincoln. There is an old cemetery north of the church and no one seems to know when it was laid out and placed there, nor by whom. One of the head-stones is inscribed in Dutch as follows: "Hier ruhet Herr Johan Schmollebutzer, gebornhe Deutchlandt 1680. Gistarben Americka 1711, and that's all any person knows of wants to know about him. The place looks as though to say: "We are sorry to have you leave us, but glad to forget you." Even after we moved to Pottsville, in 1853, I still entertained some pleasant recollections of the old echo of the White Church. The steeple was round and painted white. It was the first building in sight when nearing the town from McKeansburg. One day I was in the woods, just a short distance beyond, when a woman with a little boy emerged from the woods. The little fellow observed the cupola. He turned to his mother wonderfully astonished: "By Got mammy e Bump uffe house." (A pump on a house.) Some of you, no doubt remember the Rev. Mr. Deveuve, the

Second Presbyterian minister of town. He lived next door to me and consequently, besides allowing him the neighborly privilege of gathering the plums, cherries and grapes, which hung over on his side of the fence, I felt in duty bound, to offer to him some more extended politeness than the mere small privilege of chewing the fruit. I asked him one morning to take a drive and to go to Orwigsburg, which he graciously accepted, never having been there before. As we drove along the pike admiring the beauties of nature and expatiating upon the delightful drive, I suddenly 'spied, in the distance, riding on a wagon load of coal, my boon companion, Peter Frailley. "Pete" and I had a preconcerted arrange-

ment that whoever of us saw the other first, he was to whistle a certain signal, and the other to answer it in echo, and no matter where we were. I attracted the Parson's attention to a fine echo on the road, and gave my signal. "Pete" answered beautifully and the Parson thought he had never heard so distinct and clear an echo. It kept on improving, growing clearer and clearer as we neared the wagon. Just then Pete turned around and whistled, giving me away. "There, your scamp you, there's your echo on that wagon," said Mr. Deveuve. We drove to Orwigsburg and up to the real **wieder-hal** at the White

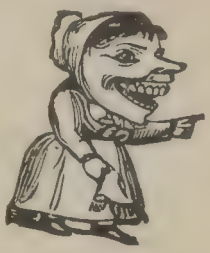
Church. I called, echo answered on schedule time. No you don't young man, that chappy is as big a fraud as you are; he's concealed in that church." "Parson can you speak any other language than English?" "Oh yes, French." He tried the "polly vou," and there came the same back. He tried the German, "yah gewiss," in the same tone of voice But could I convince a Frenchman, not on your life. "Fat" Krater, the noted **belly ache** mower of whom I mentioned a little coincidence in the early stages of this history, came along, carrying a shovel on his shoulders. "Hellow Frank, are you listening to the echo?" "Yes, but I can't make this gentleman believe that it is an echo and no person in the church." "The hell you can't, he's dam fool, nobody could make noise like that," bringing his shovel down on the carriage wheel with tremendous force, "nor that" shovelling some stones off the road. The Parson alighted from the buggy and picked up a stone., struck the fence post and on receiving the same sound back again, admitted my accomplice couldn't possibly be in the church. "I guess it is a natural echo." You will please excuse me for deviating from my subject, but as I write all these little coincidences come back to me as if they happened but yesterday. My reminiscences are not complied in regular routine as they took place, but

are only written as they appear to my mind, regardless of dates. The same Mr. Deveuve appeared at my door one

day with his handkerchief to his nose, just as I arrived for my dinner, and rang the door bell. "Oh Parson what can I do for you?" "Ah monsieur Bannan, izze a drain stopped up in ze your house?" "Why what makes you think so?" "Vy it izze de mos awful smell all zru our house, it maky my muzzer ver sick" Just then I opened our door, and there to my delight exhuberated the agreeable oder of cooking saur kraut. "Oh this is what you smell, we are cooking saur kraut for dinner, come in won't you and partake." "Oh my patience, can you eat zat stinkin stuft, I never could eaty zat, it would a maky me ver sick, good-bye." I related the conservation to my wife and at the same time suggested sending him and his muzzer a nice mess, with our compliments. I carried the dish to their door. Mrs. Deveuve came forward. "Madame Deveuve, please accept our compliments in this delightful dish of saur kraut, and if you wish any more let us know and you shall have as much as you wish. The dish came back "Muzzer is delight, she would like a leetle more. It e does not e smell so bad az e it dide and ze taste so charming." We replenished the dish the second time and again, and every time we had saur kraut for dinner, the Deveuve family were glad to be served. They finally left town and the drain still goes on as usual —and it is not stopped up.

And now that we are sauntering quietly along the echo road, let us take the route to the left, down into Lizzard Creek Valley, on the drive way. Within a mile and a half of the centre of the town, we come to very **hospitable farm,** Hummel's farm, where resided three old bachelor sisters, Misses Kitty, Leah and Sally Hummel, three of the most generous old Dutch ladies anywhere to

be found. They raised the best grapes of different varieties, in the county—and every person who went there was welcome to all the grapes they could eat. One evening I raised a company of girls and boys, about ten or twelve of each, to go to Hummel's, to feast on the luscious fruit. We were welcomed into the parlor, only opened on such grand occasions, and seated around the table with three or four baskets of delicious grapes in front of us. Presently Miss Leah came in carrying a large platter which she placed on the table in close touch with all. "Dere now gals and boys, safe all **your skins,** (the grape skins) on dat blate, dey all make sich nice pies." You can readily imagine what was socked on that platter, pulp, seeds, stems, etc. A splendid piece of **pie literature** it made. "Leah, when will you have some pies baked?" "Vy next evening, after tomorrow; come out onct." It was a very singular thing, we all had previous engagements for that evening, and I thought it was a real shame I couldn't induce any of the skeptical youths to go, after all their trouble they went to bake pies for us. Our mouths were not in shape, I think possibly the chickens got the pies and the old ladies had our **pious** regards.



If we take the upper road over Gallows Hill, we go toward McKeansburg and pass near to the Indian Tunnel, of which our late lamented President, Judge Henning, made mention in a paper he read before the society. For anthing new or historical, we used to take visitors there, who were much surprised that the place was not bought up and speculated on, or brought more prominently before the public. The boys visited the location frequently and went into the tunnel some distance. Before reaching the cave, we pass by Yost's tavern, a noted hostlery, where political meetings were frequently held. On one

occasion, I had taken my father, Mr. Robert Morris and Mr. Charles W. Pitman to a Whig meeting. there were no Republicans in those days, and before the **blathering** had commenced, Frank Yost, a son of old Sammy, was

gathering apples, into a bag hung around his shoulders, high up on a Rambo apple tree, when suddenly he missed his footing and down he came into a large sugar hogshead, which stood under the tree, doubled up like a jack knife, the apple bag on his back, and wedged in so tight we couldn't pull him out. "Wait a minute, I'll get him out." With that I got a fence rail and placeing it inside of the hogshead, as a battering ram, four of us battered the bottom out and pulled Frank out the other way, when everybody there fairly roared and shouted, applauding "Franky." When Pop made his speech he said: "If you will only do as my Franky did, you can easily 'pull the rascals out,' " showing there were political scamps even in those days. Messrs. Pitman and Morris commented me all the way home. Frank Yost is still alive and every time we meet he alludes to the time that I got him "all whole out."

We now leave "Tar Board Inn," Yost's tavern, and returning about one hundred and fifty yards, more or less, to Frisbee, a new station on Lizzard Creek Railroad, take the first road to the left, wend our way quietly and serenely along Pine Creek Valley, where the writer and others caught many a black bass, sucker and white chub, going on, on and enjoying the magnificent scenery for about two miles, or there abouts, when we arrive at Ludwig's Mill, where one of my first lady loves, and I had quite a lot of them, lived, but in this particular instance I had a formidable rival in Al. Straub, another one of the Orwigsburg fraternity, whom I took great delight in teasing and worrying almost into a collapse, by eternally getting ahead of him in his many love affairs. He would invariably come to me and tell me of his different engagements with the lady in question, and I, in the kindness of my heart, not for him but for "Bell," I would always manage to

upset them and get there myself, poor innocent soul that I was. "Frank, I'm going to take Bell" out riding this afternoon at three o'clock," generally on Saturday, when there was no school, or on Sunday. Her residence was two miles from Orwigsburg. Immediately after dinner, I would saddle my well trained steed "Jimmy," and with the alertness of a circus rider, on his back, and on the **road to glory,** and by the sound of my familiar whistle, up'd go the window sash. "Hello Frank, what do you want?" "Come on 'Bell,' lets take a ride." Indeed Frank I can't go, Al will be here at three o'clock to take me for a drive." "Never mind that, jump on behind and we will be back long before that." Out in an instant, and with one graceful spring from the carriage

block or steps, would land on Jimmy's back and with her arms around my waist. Oh my I feel it yet and never can forget it, away we'd scamper along the highways and byways, to the amusement of every person we met, and by dint of moral suasion Jimmy managed to keep us on the road until half past five or six o'clock, and on our return her mother, "Why Bell, where have you been? Didn't you tell me you were going out riding with Al. at three o'clock?" Al. came here and told me you had engaged to go with him. "Well maby I did, but Frank got here first and I took a horse back ride with him, and fully expected to get back in time to take a drive with Al., but you know how this boy wanders all over the country, when he gets started?" He does yet when he gets started. One St. Valentine Day, he (Al) showed me a very handsome Valentine, with a little sack of gold dust ? ? ? in one corner, for which he paid **five dollars** and was going to send it to "Bell." I told the Postmaster, Billy Hammer, about it, and as in those days valentines were not sealed, he took it from the

letter box and wrote my initials on one corner, very small, but perceptable, and mailed it. "Billy don't do that." "Oh we'll have a little fun at Al's expense." The next day when Al. met "Bell," at school: "Bell did you get that handsome valentine I sent you, I paid five dollars for it?" "I received a very fine valentine, but not from you. Frank sent it to me and now you want to take the credit of it." It had Frank's initials on it in one corner and I'm sure he sent it, to me." It was weeks before she could be convinced until one day I met her in the Post Office. "Billy, tell Bell who sent her that valentine with a sack of gold in it?" "Why Al. Straub sent it to you, and for the sake of a little **fun,** I put Frank's initials on it." Then she was satisfied. There were a few other little love transactions of which suffice it for the present.

We follow down along Pine Creek into a magnificent Oak Grove, Kimmel's woods, where every year the Dutch Foot Washer Baptists were accustomed to hold their yearly camp meetings and make converts and baptize them by immersion in Pine Creek, and as they, the baptized, thought, in the River Jordan. The minister would catch them by the back of the neck, they having prepared themselves with proper clothing, and with the words "Catharina, Ich taufi dich in des namens des Gottes' sohn und des Heiligen Geistes," and dip them down deep into the water, completely submerged, and then drag them ashore and lay them on the ground in the sun to dry, for a few minutes before being removed to quarters in camp. Father Kimmel dropped one, one day. She squirmed like an eel, flopped like a "turtle," and then she came up spouting like a whale. What could the innocent kids do but laugh? "Now boys you are sinful and if you can't behave better you must go home," but we only waited for the next, though not quite so much fun, as Father Kimmel was a little more careful and landed his quarry in better style. At the end of the chatutauqua, a man and a woman generally went from tent to tent, carrying a tub of water and a towl to wash the feet of the members. Were you ever present when they went through those customary devotions? Whew ! ! Ach du lieber Got noch a mal! (O good

heavens.) Did you ever catch a skunk? A short distance south of the baptismal fount, which was above the small bridge, was a pond, bull-frog dam, it was called, where I

instituted a frog catching device, and many frogs did we catch with it, but principally at night. We made a square board, attached a rope, placed a lighted candle on the centre of it, let it float out in the stream, when the frogs, attracted by the bright light would swim out to it from the shore and clamber upon the board, sit and wink at the light undisturbed. The float was pulled ashore and with a stick the frogs were despatched and kettled, as they refused to leave the light. Many a time we filled our kettles. In two nights I caught fifty frogs, some quite large and others small, took them home and after having disrobed them, asked mother to stew the legs for breakfast, and told Pop to serve them as young chickens, else the girls wouldn't eat them. They all enjoyed the delicious young chickens, until Pop asked: "Girls do you know what you have been eating so heartily of?" "Oh yes nice young chickens." "Indeed you are not, you are eating nice tender frogs legs that Frank caught." Then there was a stampede out of the back door, but the barrel wasn't near enough. Being satisfied with the blinking mor r ums, we leave the venerable spot of camp meeting fame, and wend our way along the "babbling brook," for a mile or more. Could the charming brook really speak, it might relate many funny and pleasant incidents.

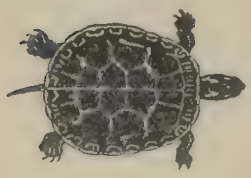
As we near the turnpike, westward, running between Pottsville and Reading, we see in pretty close range, an imposing structure. "Hellow! what is that building?" "Where?" "Over there on that hill." "Dont you recognize that?" "No." "Why that is the famous old

'Red' Church," Zions rothe Kirche," built in 1720, burned down by the Indians in 1756, rebuilt in 1770, burned down again by a stroke of lightning in 1799, and again rebuilt by a Mr. Faust, in 1803, who neglected placing a lightning rod upon it, and when asked why he didn't protect it from another thunder bolt, he replied: "Vy it is Got's Church, I did give it to Got and if He wants to donner wetter it down agin, just let him go ahet and donner wetter it down, it ain't mine." Burned down for third time and re-erected in 1874, and there it has been standing ever since. It is a short distance and pleasant walking from Orwigsburg. Many a Sunday we formed walking parties to go **down to the Red Church,** to hear Dutch preaching, and after church to ascend the hill opposite in search of Indian arrows and fosils of different kinds principally shells with which the place was pretty well covered. Pine Creek leaves us here, turning South down through Pine Dale, whence it flows to a short distance near Auburn, where it empties into the Schuylkill River, becomes contaminated and gropes its way towards Philadelphia, where it helps to supply the city with the **best clear spring water,** such as is found nowhere else in this entire United States.

We leave this long celebrated house of God, cross the turn-pike and turn West, traveling through the province of the "K Moyers," of which there was quite a number of men whose middle name was "K." John K., George K., William K., Samuel K., and several others with he K, a custom with the Germans to give their sons all the same middle name, thence we follow along the back road from the Red Church to the intersection of the main road from Orwigsburg to, then Orwigsburg Landing, now Landingville, near which corner stood Alspach's powder mill, that ascended in an aeroplane, one day when I was returning from Orwigsburg Landing, after having driven with my father to make a train to Philadelphia. As I had turned the corner into the Orwigsburg road, there was a rushing sound like a heavy rain fall and suddenly a terrible explosion as if cannonading, the powder mill exploded, when a human arm dropped into my

buggy. I hurried home, carrying it with me as evidence, for even in those days, as now, people accused me of joking on serious occasions, reported what had happened, and fortunately my evidence corroborated me. Insde of a half hour there were a hundred or more people on the road to the powder mill. I returned with two other men in my carriage and we found the factory demolished, hardly a vestage remaining and as one man expressed it, "two men blown to items." The next day the accident was reported in "Die Stimme Des Volks," (The Voice of the People) a noted German paper and no one living who could account for the accident. The men were soldiers, members of the Washington Greys and were buried with miltiary honors.

Further along he road, as we approach Orwigsburg, on the left, we pass Hoy's dam, where the youths of town used to go swimming. One day while passing, Mr. Hoy hailed me. He wanted to show me something. We quickened our pace through his yard to the dam, when he said I want you to see that performance on the edge of the dam. I heard a noise like a child crying and went to see what it was. I found it was, as he called it, a **water werkle,** (a turtle,) and a **grab-eye,** (crow.) The **water-werkle** had the **grab-eye** by the leg and was trying to eat



it. Mr. Hoy reached down and catching the turtle by the tail, freed the crow, which flew away. "Now I'll keep dat water werkle and make him fat and some day we'll make a soup of him and have a good dinner." He kept it in the swill barrel for a couple of weeks, but poor Franky didn't get a taste of the snapper soup.

There was a boy, George W. Douglass, by name, my cousin by the way, which accounts for it, who terrorized

the whole community by his pranks. One night he climbed the lightning rod of the oCurt House, at two o'clock in the morning, sat astride the large gilded ball above the cupola, and sang hymns for about an hour, awakening the whole town, as he had a fine voice, and ended up by singing the Star Spangled Banner. He raised a flag on the point of the lightning rod, which remained there a long time, and with a whoop and a yell like a wild west Indian, descended the rod, ran through the crowd that had assembled to learn the cause of the world stirring excitement, scampered to his home full of **fun, frolic and mischief.** Indeed it was quite a feat and we all went into seclusion wondering who would be next.

"How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood,
When fond recollection brings them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that infancy knew."

In the summer of 1842, several hundred men, women and children, when it became known that the

first steam engine and train were making their first trip to Pottsville, on the Reading Railroad, walked over to Orwigsburg Landing to witness the then wonderful performance of traveling from Philadelphia en route to Mt. Carbon, which was at that time constituted the Reading Terminal, the railroad having been completed to that point only, and opened up for traffic and from there a lot of busses and stages conveyed the passengers through to Pottsville from the depot, now an old oil house, which still stands by the roadside at Mt. Carbon. The baggage was slid down an inclined plane, on the level, below the railroad, and dumped pell mell, helter skelter into two-wheeled carts, attached to the rear of the busses and stages and conveyed to their respective destinations, sometimes whole and frequently halved, all for a shilling, (25cts) a piece. Years after that the railroad was completed to Pottsville, to the station corner of Union and Railroad Streets, now the freight depot of the Reading, thence changed to Railroad and Norwegian Streets, which we now visit when occasion requires.

There was in the village a natural curiosity, a man born of German parents, without arms, off at the shoulders, no joints and a crooked foot, "Sammy Gestly." He

could cipher with a pencil in his mouth, cut profiles and silhouettes with his feet, play cards and do almost anything any person else could do with his hands. Boys would tease him and frequently he would catch them and with his fearfully strong teeth, take them by the rear of their clothes and shake them as a dog would shake a rat. They got to learn him and finally ceased teasing him. Sammy was quite a fish vender, driving a horse with his naked toes and holding up a fine shad to

show his customers how nice they were, indeed they were fine, and when he sold a fish it was necessary for the customers to reach into Sammy's pocket to get his pocket pook, put in the money and return it to its greasy nest, which frequently was very **scaley.** Even women were obliged to make change in this way. On one occasion he held up with his toes a very fine shad to show to Mr. Schoener, for which he asked five levies, (62½cts.) Mr. Sschoener said, "I'll give you fifty cents for it." "No you can't have it for less than five levies." "I'll give you sixty-two and a half cents." "No, nothing less than five levies." "Say 70 cents." "No-sir-ee." "Say 75 cents." "No sir." "Say 80." "No, nothing less than five levies and there's no use in you trying to jew me down, you can't do it." "Now Sammy I'll make you one more offer; I'll pay you one hundred cents for it." "I tell you, you can't have it," and pulled up his lines to drive away. "Hold up Sammy, I'll take the shad at your price," and was obliged to exhume the pocket book. "You goose you, I offered you nearly twice as much as you asked for it, but unfortunately you only know money by fips, (6¼cts.,) and levies, (12½cts.) The bargain was closed and Sammy, a little sorry, drove away to the next customer, who, happened to be a woman, but she refused to **dig up** and employed a boy who was standing by. Sammy later on joined a show, traveling around the country, exhibiting a trained pig that could pick up any card out of a pack that was asked for, upset a small dolly carriage, pitch the dolly out, aright the coach and replace the doll, to the great pleasure of every person who saw it, as there were two curiosities. Sammy afterwards, although he had no embracers, married a well to do widow, who cared for him and raised two boys by him, perfectly formed and entirely natural. We didn't know what became of him.

Orwigsburg was possessed with a curly tailed mule,

the delight and amusement of the boys, nearly always on the street, grazing on our farm-like thoroughfare. His tail curled so tight he couldn't keep his hind legs on the ground and we often wondered of what use four legs were to an animal of that kind, as he was continually standing on his front legs and pawing the air with his hind legs—probably in search of Heavy's comet or something else Heavenly to kick at. He perambulated through Market Square in search of lunch on the beautiful green grass and delightful wild flowers, which grew there in profusion. He generally wore a halter without a strap or bit, but the boys improvised a bit with a bit of a rope, which also served as a rein. No one ever succeeded in his attempt to ride him as he was worse than Buffalo Bill's Wild West bronco. As soon as a boy landed on his back, he'd hike it like a toboggan slide, curl his tail tighter, up would go his hind legs as usual, and down the boy in front of him, seldom, if ever hurt, beyond a sudden bump. I came along one day when several had **slid the slide,** and picking up a stick with a nail through the end of it said: "Let me get on Curly, I'll ride him." Being a noted rider as you know, I mounted in fine style, like a boy jumping over a post, punctured his **horseless** tire with the nail and I never knew Curly to curl so splendidly in my long acquaintance with him, as he did then. I thought the tail of a comet had swisched me and I landed on **my own back** in front of him. Curly retreated, walking as usual on his hands and now and then running on all four down through the town at break-neck speed, to the foot of the hill, at the end of the town, and turning into Mr. Jacob Hammer's tannery, jumped into one of his vats of lye, not this one however. His body was submerged while his head was looking sky-wards above the water and Curly **breying** to be helped out of his predicament. It was soon noised around that "Curly was taking a briney bath in

Hammer's tan yard," and in less than it takes to write this, there were dozens of the morbid curious assembled there. Ropes were secured and by dint of ingenious work passed around Curly's belly and **tfelve men, honest and true,** good and strong, hoisted poor Curly to terra-firma and he with his sky scraping legs "high up among the sons of frosty thunder," bolted for his home in the country. Years afterwards Curly died and Johnny Wellis attended his funeral and his master used his already well tamed hide for a sleigh robe. Alas poor Curly; I knew him well.

Proceeding further along the pike, we are brought to Zoll's tannery, to the East of which there was a half mile race course, for running horses, which in those days was well attended. Fronting on the pike there still stands the old stone hide scraping building with the name Joseph Zoll, June 12, 1819, still visible on the second story door, seen from the trolley cars as you pass. Going about a mile beyond, we reach the Half-Way House, formerly owned and occupied by the Banjamin Pott family, after whose father, Mr. John Pott, the town of Pott's-ville was named not as Pottsville, but as Pott's-ville the real name being Pott's-ville and not Pottsville, as it goes. Pott is a German name pronounced Putt, whereas Pott's is an American name, therefore Pott with the apostrophy is Pott's-ville, on Mr. Pott's farm, now occupied by the Lizzard Creek, Lehigh Valley Railroad. There was another race course for running and trotting horses. Once upon a time a **sulky** looking man appeared with an old white horse that made the rounds in 3.15, which in those days, was considered faster and better than 2.8 and 2.10 now-a-days. The venrable writer made a bet of twenty dollars, he had it then but seldom since, that he could run around the course as fast as any horse there. The bet was accepted by four different persons, who combined to make the stake, each expecting to gather in a V, at Franky's expense. He shed his coat and vest, buckled his suspenders around his waist, old whitey was brought forth and the challenger taking hold of the rear bar of the sulky, gave the word "go," and sprung into acion. Keeping pace with the white trotter and holding on like grim

death to a white nigger, he couldn't leave go, else he **would have been tempting death.** Why if he had his coat on, you could have played checkers on his coat tail. For fear of sudden dissolution, he held on and cleared the track in 3.30 and dropped to the ground exhausted. His legs became terribly swollen and men took off the remaining clothing and rubbed him down with wet straw and dry cloths in order to restore his strength and **common** sense, the latter of which he was void of, or he wouldn't have done it, as he really didn't know whether he was a horse, a mule or a jackass, probably the latter. Would you believe it? The losers in the game as usual disputed the winner, their contention being that he started behind the horse and therefore did not go around the ring as fast as he did, as he, the winner, came in behind. What a derned shame. The Judges however quickly decided in the winner's favor and Franky got the cash. When, however, he told his Pop about it, he received his accustomed scolding, vindicating himself by saying, didn't you always tell me, "put money into thy purse, get money honorably if you can, but get money?" He snickered as he was wont to do.

At Schuylkill Haven Flats there was another race course and at Cressona still another, the latter somewhat later, so that you will notice this **Dutch Performed** sermon is not altogether I, me, my, myself and I, as there are many historical points throughout the **fun, frolic** and **mischief,** complication. Mentioning Schuylkill Haven reverts back to Orwigsburg again, as "that just reminds me." I hired a runaway horse from Mr. John Moyer. "What will you charge me for your horse and buggy to drive to Schuylkill Haven?" He's a run-a-way, and if you will release me from all damages, I will let you have him for nothing, but understand he runs away with every person

who undertakes to drive him; he's a cracker jack." The release being signed, he hitched up and we started. In going down the hill, at the end of the town, he began his capers, and I started in on mine. He caught the bit in his teeth; I caught the whip in my hand; he ran; I whipped the faster he would run, the harder I lashed him, and when he thought he had run enough he wanted to settle down, but Franky didn't agree with him. He wanted him to settle up as his fun had just commenced. He ran all the way to Schuylkill Haven, making the distance in fifteen minutes. (4 miles.) Was there about fifteen minutes and was home under the lash in about the same time it took to go there, in considerably less time than an hour. "Hollo, have you been to Schuylkill Haven and back already? Did he run away with you?" "Yes," and I plied the whip all the way up and down, no let up. I don't hink he will ever try it again, which he never did, not forgetting his strenuous effords, but turned out to be the best driver to hire in the town and every person who drove him was well pleased. Pop had a pair of calico horses, spotted bay and white. , He and mother drove to Harrisburg and on entering he city, crowds of boys and girls followed the carriage, yelling "here they come, here they come, aint those pootty horses?" At the hotel Pop inquired of the landlord what is the matter with the crowd? "Oh Mr. Bannan there's to be a circus here today and you are strongly suspected of being the proprietor on account of your **spots."** Mother, quite indignant, said she would "never leave home again with that team." A week afterwards a man came to our front door, sounded the old brass knocker. Mother appeared. "How do you do Madam, is Mr. Bannan in?" "No, he is in Philadelphia and will not be home for two or three days." "I'm sorry for that, maby Madam you can answer my question?" Have you two spotted horses, if so are they for sale?" "Yes sir." "Well I saw them at Harrisburg a few days ago and know all about them; am proprietor of the circus that exhibited there when you drove in. I will give you three hundred dollars for them." "You can have them for cash." Frank, go and bring out the Spots." "Yes, those are the horses. Here's the money

and one dollar for the halters." The exchange was consummated and Frank didn't go to Orwigsburg Landing for Pop. He came home in the buss a day or two after and when asked why I didn't drive over for him? Mother kind o' trembling like with fear that she had done the wrong thing, said, "the horses were out." "Why where, who has them?" "I sold the horses for three hundred and one dollars and got the cash." "Good, mother I am glad of that, it is the best thing you could have done, I just bought a handsome pair of blacks in Philadelphia for two hundred dollars and you can have the difference for good luck." Well she was that much in, but he was so much out. The horses arrived the next day and as I was stabling them I noticed one was very sick, and remarked the same to Pop. He sent to Pottsville for Dr. Davis, a veterinary, who came and diagnosed it as a severe case of glanders, and ordered the horse quarantined, which was done. The next day a farmer came to the house with a wagon load of cord wood, saying: Mr. Bannan, I understand you have a very sick horse, I'll give you this load of wood for him and run the chances." "You may have him, unload the wood into the cellar." The wood was anchored, bargain closed and the horse tied to the rear of his wagon. He had hardly gone a square when Jerry dropped dead on the main street. He had him loaded on his wagon and hauled him out of town, possibly to Wiener's cologne factory at "Seven Stars," for all I know. All he said was: "Mehnt mir nau das Schrote so kracher kone un Pulver so schpritzer?" (Can one believe that shot can crack so and powder spread so?) It was months before we succeeded in getting another mate. Relating some of these unpleasant episodes is only to show how far back my memory serves me, and each particular one reminds me of something else that occurred.

Snows storms might make you think of ancient history. We had three days of a heavy snow, falling to the depth of over three feet on the level and then Old Boreas turning in drifting it in some places twelve to fifteen feet high. Horses, mules, oxen and men turned out with force to break the roads. In front of our house the snow drift extended to the second story against the building. Pop

opened the front door to go to the pump on the pavement, where he and the three boys were accustomed to make our toilet. We used to wash our faces once in a while. He couldn't get out and called me. I procured a shovel from the coal cellar, carried the snow through his office, through the parlor and dumped it out of the back window into the yard, shoveling a clear path way to our health giving pump where we enjoyed the morning wash more than ever. Snow with good sleighing, used to last from 9th and 10th of November to April. How is it now-a-days?

There were hundreds of trivial occurrences in my dear old country home, which would tire you out were I to attempt to relate them. Come to my office some time and I'll ry to relate others.

I left Orwigsburg in the Spring of 1848 to attend "The Collegiate and Commercial Institute of General William H. Russel, in New Haven, Connecticut, but it was no barrier to my natural disposition for **fun, frolic** and **mischief.** There were two brothers, (twins) here that not one of the scholars, nor even the principal or teachers could tell apart, and often one was punished for something the other had one. Very much like the match horses; so much alike whose master whipped one because the other kicked at him. Those boys gloried in playing amusing pranks and tricks on each other—similar to some person I know. Their eyes, complexion, hair and clothes were alike and there never was any difference in their voices or style of dress. One of them and I had made an engagement to take a walk with two young ladies on a Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock. I informed his broher and we agreed to go at two o'clock, telling the young ladies we found we could go earlier and thought it would make no difference to them. "Certainly not, we are ready now," both being at the same house when we called, but not sisters; near neighbors. We walked for two hours out to East Rock, a noted pleasure resort, and on our return home, the mother of one said: "Why Ellen, where have you been? Mr. Theodore Twining was here at three o'clock and said you had made an engagement with him to take a walk with him and Mr Bannan. The

other was Woolsey Twining. "Why mother, he came at two o'clock and I have been out with him ever since." She didn't discover her mistake until two days after when he informed her that it was his brother that she went walking with and **he** was terribly disappointed. She, however, enjoyed the joke on herself. The boys told me their parents couldn't tell hem apart. The mother however, had a blue ribbon on the inside of his coat collar, and she was obliged to wear a string on her finger so she could remember which had the ribbon as one was named Theodore Woolsey Twining and the other Woolsey Theodore Twinng, grandsons of President Woolsey of Yale college. Mr. S. B. Whiting, John B. Church and Walter S. Church, formerly of town, were day pupils, while I was a boarder at the school. One of our preceptors, Professor Bullard, was passionably fond of fruit and always had a peach basket filled with luscious apples, under his bed, but never in the least suspected that any of the scholars could possibly be blessed with an **apple-tite** but on the contrary was stingy to the core. He kept his forbidden under his high poster, his room being situated at the end of the corridor of the domitory, on either side of which the scholars sleeping rooms were located, mine being No. 1, next to his. One evening, being possessed with the same Orwigsburg deviltry, while the professor was out gallavanting, I, that's Franky, succeeded in entering his apartments, attached a string to the top of his basket, so arranged that a strong pull would upset the basket and release the string, run it under the door and under my own door to my bed. At about twelve o'clock I pulled the string, upset the basket and the apples, booble, ooble, ooble, and hurriedly wound up the string into my bed, when suddenly some person jumped out of bed and stepping on an apple or two. I heard the **core-us**. "Well I'll be d-d." My door was opened—"Bannan" snoring, "Bannan" snoring still louder, door closed. Next door, "Smith," also in the **"arms of Murphy."** Next "Jones;" he too was dreaming sweetly of his lady love and had no **apple-tite** for anything else. "Fisher," no answer and not finding any person awake the Professor hiked himself to his room, wondering who the dickens could have upset his apples and

hmself. The next morning he related the occurrance to me and said he could not account for the mishap. I suggested that probably he had been dreaming and put his foot out of bed into the fruit basket and upset it. "That may be, as I frequently have funny dreams." Ten years afterwards General William H. Russel, the Principal of the school, came here to investigate or rather inspect a colliery, that he and ten other Yankees, each invested ten thousand dollars, (total 110,000.00,) which had frequently been offered for ten housand dollars, but the Yankees at that time were imbued with the spirit of "get rich quick." Many collieries were sold to New Englanders. We entertained the General at our house. He said, "Mr. Bannan I want to ask you a question? Who upset Mr. Bullards apples and toppled him over on the floor in the dead of night, when you were in our school. That was one of the many rongish tricks we never could find out the author of?" "I did it, General," and related how it was done, in fact the whole transaction, Bullard calling into each room in the corridor, where all were snoring oblivious to his search warrant. He laughed heartily and said "they always suspected me," but never could get any evidence as I was sound asleep and yet **wide awake.** You all know what boys' schools are and it is unnecessary for me to relate anything further here. That was a military school and everything was done with precision, as you see.

Just a minute. There was a grocery story a few blocks away from the school, where we used to congregate at recess for cheese and cracker lunch. The firm was Call & Tuttle, the sign over the door. One morning a tall, lean hayseeder came in with a big **chaw tobaccy** in his cheek. "Mornin, I want to tuttle." "Do you want to see Mr. Tuttle?" "No sir-ee, your sign says, Call & Tuttle. I called and now I want to **tuttle.** It created quite a laugh in the store and the proprietors never forget it for when I was in New Haven, three or four years ago, (1908) I walked to the old place and saw Mr. Tuttle still there. I related the funny circumstance, which he remembered and asked, "Are you Mr. Bannan, formerly of Russel's School?" "I am." We shook and had a jolly

good laugh over it. He said he recognized me at once as being one of the hilarious kids in the store at the time.

"Hauled on till I schpat or my hands." There is another little coincidence which took place in New Haven, during my studious days, which might provoke a smile or two in this patient and attentive audience. There was a confirmed hypochondriac there by the name of David Smith, who imagined he had glass legs and it seemed almost impossible to devest him of his hallucination as several physicians failed in the attempt, after trying many devices. He knew of his affliction and offered five hundred dollars to any person who would effectually cure him. The trouble was, the doctors all tried to persuade him that it was only his imagination, that he had no glass legs, etc., etc. There was a young man, Robert Jones, of my acquaintance, who had just graduated as a physician. I said, "Bob, I'll tell you how you can make five hundred dollars as your first fee and bring you into prominence; I'll assist you." I related the facts and told him to call on Mr. Smith and agree with him in every particular, and tell him he must wear woolen under-clothes and hose with zinc and copper soles fastened to the bottoms, must sleep between blankets and never go up and down stairs alone, must be helped and keep people from bumping into him, as his legs being glass would surely break. After Dr. Jones had been attending him for about two weeks, to report to me for next orders. He did as he was told and reported Mr. Smith was very much improved. "What would we do now?" Mr. Smith lived on Elm Street and owned another property four blocks away on Chapel Street. We arranged to get up a fire alarm, a preconcerted affair with the Fire Companies, leaving them into the secret, and to run past Smith's residence, yelling to beat the Progressive Convention, "fire, fire, fire," at Smith's house on Chapel Street." One evening, we had it all arranged and it worked like a charm. Doctor Jones and I ran with the crowd, keeping an eye on Mr. Smith's residence to watch him come out. When we reached the supposed fire, who should be there but Smith. "Hello, Mr. Smith, how did you get here?" "Why the cry was that my house, on Chapel Street, was afire, and I ran

here pretty lively." "What has become of your glass legs?" Rubbing his hands up and down his legs over and over again, he said: "Good Heavens, Doctor, they are all well and back again to flesh, thanks to you. Come in tomorrow and I'll give you a check." He couldn't express his gratitude and was like a new man. Doctor Jones called and received the cash and Franky got his commission, **"Aber net."**

During my vacation at Christmas time, 1850, and at home, the Collegiate and Commercial Institute was destroyed by fire, but happy recollections are still there, and being pretty well "ausgelernht." I did not return to New Haven, but after the holidays was installed in Mr. Joel J. Bailey's merchantile and yankee notion store on North Second Street, Philadelphia, actually went in through the front door notwithstanding my bumps for **fun, frolic** and **mischief,** as I knew they would come in play. It couldn't be avoided, under a salary of fifty dollars a year and board and find myself to learn how to sell pins and needles and "such like." Think of it, you can't get any person now to work at such figures. As to finding myself, I did that and others too, some of whom were with me in jokes. I had my choice either to go to West Point and learn to be a "sojer," or go into that store as above, both being open to me. I however preferred the latter, being too fond of the ladies, not to get married. While in the store dusting and sweeping, sweeping and dusting and doing other things necessary to learn the business, in fact, everything pertaining to the Yankee Notion business, friend Bailey, he was a Quaker, said: "Where is the entry clerk?" "He went out a few minutes ago." "Francis, will thee charge this bill of goods?" A bill consisting of hosiery, gloves handkerchiefs, thread, pins and needles, it is **needless** to mention the other things, amounting in total to over fifteen hundred dollars. I was obliged to go up three or four steps under the desk and turn around so as to face him, there wasn't room enought to have steps at the side, and go into it like a pulpit, as he called off the goods. I entered the bill in the journal with my left hand and made out the bill, at the same time, with my right hand, being ambidextrous,

and as he was making out the cost of prices besides, being frequently interrupted by customers, I made the calculations, and as soon as he had finished calling, back for a check, I handed him the bill complete. "Francis, what does this mean, I never allow my person to charge a bill of goods on the bill, hen copy them into the journal." "I want the book entry to be the original." "It is all right, friend Bailey, they are both original." "Get down out of that and let me up there." Why it **is** all right and and perfectly correct; I would like to know how thee did this?" I took a piece of paper and two pens and showed him, on a counter. "What, thee writes like that with both hands and here for **fifty dollars** a year? Why thy salary from this out shall be one hundred and fifty dollars and continue my entry clerk. That of course pleased me. He rang his bell, calling his twenty-one employees together, with "Francis, show these young men what thee did." I was naturally a little modest about it, until he asked me again, then I showed them that "my right hand knew what my left was doing." "Francis came here at fifty dollars per year, I now told him his salary should be one hundred and fifty and upon further consideration I will make it two hundred from the first of next month. Most of you have been with me several years and not one of you can do that." This took place in No. 29, Market Street, just around the corner where we had moved to. For several days the young men practiced writing with both hands but could accomplish nothing. My habit not having been acquired in a short time. I was consequently retained as entry clerk, with a raise of fifty dollars every six months for four years. Both Mr. Bailey and I were Quakers. He also had a thee and **thou** principal bookkeeper, Elton B. Giffard, who, when his desk work was finished, would invariably seat himself comfortably on the end of a long counter and read the papers, and especially in dull season. By jinks that same old Orwigsburg feeling came over me and over came me. I couldn't help it, even if "Hart without a heart," had been there. I arranged a needle under the counter, with a weight to it and a long string running to the front of the store, under the counters where the rest of us in turn were

wont to sit and wait for customers. Pulling the string would raise the needle through the counter. Of course, when apportunity offered, the cord was jerked. The Quaker jumped and thinking he had been sitting in a bumble bees nest, began to make search for the varmit, but finding nothing took his position again. The second time he got a socker and fairly groaned. He then began to investigate more fully, but the string was jerked off from the penetrator, the machine dropped between two bundles, and the Quaker quaked, imagining he struck one of Paddy Burns' tacks. The next day, business was dull, not so the needle, and Elton changed his seat without saying a word, except "ouch, who by St. Anthony did that?" There were many other amusing pranks in that store, where I remained until the Spring of 1855, and before I left I heard friend Joel remark to Elton "if I had two thousand dollars without taking it from my business, I could double it in a week's time." A half hour afterwards I went to a friend of mine, Mr. J. T. Way, also a Quaker, who kept a dry goods store in close proximity, and said: "Friend Way, please loan me two thousand dollars for about a week." "Certainly I will, Francis. Charley give Mr. Bannan a check for two thousand dollasr." I went to the bank and drew the cash, placing it into a large envelope, laid it on Joel's desk "with compliments of F. B. Bannan." "Francis what is this thee is doing?" "I heard thee tell Elton "if thee had that amount, thee could double it in a week's time, now take it and try thy luck, but ask no questions." He complied, bought a lot of goods at auction, and sold them inside of a week for forty-five hundred dollars. He paid me back and offered me one hundred and fifty dollars as a bonus, which I didn't accept, only replying: "Friend Joel, I have no money, but whenever thee wants any let me know and I can get it for thee. He was very grateful. I returned the amount I borrowed in gold and asked my friend what I owed him for the loan. He replied: "Nothing at all Francis, but whenever thee wants money come to me." When I related the circumstances, he laughed heartily and seemed well pleased. Let any person try that on now-a-days—it can't be done. "How much is there in it for me?" I

remained with Mr. Bailey until the Spring of 1855, when under an advance offer of one hundred and fifty dollars a year more than he cared to pay, at that time, said: "Thee is worh it, but I can't afford it just now; thee better remain where thee is until times get better." I went to Daniel Kaiser on Bank Street. I was with him only six months, when for some reason or other, he became insane, whether or not because I wrote with both hands made him crazy, I couldn't tell. I could not get my old position back, as Friend Bailey had employed another young man, at a much less salary than he had paid me, but he was no ambidextrous, and being the dullest season of the year, did not wish to make the change nor was it possible for me to obtain another position in the city.

Tempus fugit, times have changed. My parents and family moved here in March, 1853. I left Philadelphia in August 1855, and have lived here ever since. I hope you wont ask me to relate what happened to, through and by me, in the fifty-seven years past, as I know it would fill a large **bible,** and I can only write a testafent. I can however quote a few trifling incidents which occurred here in my **fun, frolic** and **mischief** days. Where the Safe Deposit Bank now stands, there was a two and one-half story frame house, door on the side next the church, occupied by Dr. Chichester, who had a son, Charley, a **strawberry blonde,** known as "Reddy Chy." This indefatigable youngster was in love with a Miss De Forest, residing in the large Baber mansion, then in the Orchard, now "East Side," but she didn't relish strawberries on sticks, and consequently his uninvited attentions were not reciprocated. On the contrary, she ignored him on all occasions and couldn't get rid of him. Her brother Tom, who was also averse to him, George C. Potts, John O. Beck, Lin Bartholomew and I, caught "Reddy" one night, and tied him into a coffee sack and hung him on the door knob of their door, rang the bell and scooted across the street to await **devel-ope-ments.** Miss De Forest answered the bell and couldn't imagine what was in the bag, until she procured a pair of scissors, with which she opened the bag, then "good gracious," out jumped and bobbed up serenely "Charley Chy," not

knowing "where he was at." He fled in holy terror, never venturing near the spot again. Thus ended "Reddy Chy's" career in Pottsville, until he enlisted in the Rebel Army, in 1861. You may know what he was, when he fought against this gloriius Union, died in Virginia, and was buried at his request with the rebel flag wrapped around him and holding Jeff Davis' photograph in his hands. Oh, poor Reddy Chy; that was really an enjoyable piece of **fun, frolic** and **mischief.**

"It's an ill wind that blows no body any good."

"Mit resignation alt werden ist eine kunst. Mit humor and guthe nathur alt sein, ein herlicher Gottes Gabe."

"Growing old with resignation, is an art, **being** old with humor and good nature is God's Heavenly gift."

The End of Volume One.